

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. 1870

APRIL.

CERVANTES.

AS Philip III, of Spain, was one day overlooking the city of Madrid from a balcony of his palace, he observed a student with a book in his hand, alternately reading and striking his forehead with extraordinary tokens of delight. "Either that student is crazy," said the King, "or he is reading Don Quixote." Upon inquiry the latter was really found to be the case. But notwithstanding the unprecedented success of this remarkable work, Cervantes himself was neglected and went unrewarded. While Lope de Vega, his voluminous contemporary, amassed a large fortune from the proceeds of his plays, and lived in affluence, Cervantes, earning a bare subsistence by the labors of his pen, occupied a sky-parlor upon the same street, and acquired fame if not fortune. Poverty obliged him to write, but his penury has enriched the world.

It is the old story of the *res angusta domi* of poets and authors, from Homer, the blind old bard of Chios singing his ballads and rhapsodies along the streets and at the public festivals, to Sam. Johnson, the leviathan of literature, skulking behind a screen to conceal his shabbiness, and munching a plate of victuals, sent him from the table, like a menial, as he listened with delight to the encomiums of a more favored guest upon his literary performances. It is the sad Story of Steele battling with bailiffs—of Goldsmith welcoming a jail to avoid suicide, of Thomson, "put to his shifts for a dinner," becoming an inmate of a sponging-house in Holborn—of Mitford, who could not afford three-pence for a "den in St. Giles," sleeping upon a bed of nettles in Bays-water Fields—of the author of Hudibras starving in a garret, though his royal master was graciously pleased to carry

a copy of his immortal work in his pocket—of Savage imprisoned for debt, and leaving his corpse to the jailer to defray the expenses of his funeral—of Jean Paul, the penniless youth, prosecuting his literary pursuits amid the "jingle of household operations," and enjoying only the latter half of the prisoner's allowance of bread and water; or of poor Hazlitt pacing up and down Paternoster Row, with fire on his brain, and a volcano in his breast, trying to borrow a shilling to satisfy the cravings of a hunger that had not been appeased with a mouthful for the last eight and forty hours. All this is melancholy enough; but it is not surprising when authors lived like the tailor of Campillo, who worked for nothing and found his thread, that they should die like Rabelais, whose last will and testament might serve as a model for them all—"I owe much; I possess nothing; I give the rest to the poor."

Of the nativity and early life of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra but little is certainly known. Like Homer, seven cities claimed the honor of his birth. He was probably born at Alcaná de Henares, in the province of Castile, in October, 1547. Of poor, though noble parentage, his real patent of nobility dates from the publication of the incomparable Don Quixote. It is supposed that he removed, with his parents, in 1554 to Madrid, where he remained until 1568. Judging from his works, we may infer that he enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, an inference that is confirmed by the testimony of his instructor, Joan Lopez de Hoyos, Professor of Belles-Lettres in the University of Madrid. At an early age he betrayed a strong inclination for poetry, which resulted in his *Filena*, a pastoral romance, together with several ballads, sonnets, and elegies.

At the age of twenty-two he obtained the

situation of Chamberlain to the Cardinal Giulio Acquaviva, whom, in 1569, he had accompanied to Rome. His term of service, however, was short, as he doubtless found the monotonous routine of his official duties rather irksome to one of his ardent temperament and romantic proclivities. He accordingly, in the following year, joined the allied forces under Don John, of Austria, in the war of the Holy Alliance against the Turks. In the celebrated naval battle of Lepanto, which took place soon after, he fought with distinguished bravery, receiving a wound that deprived him of the use of his left arm for the remainder of his life. After serving in the army as a common soldier for several years, during which time he bore a distinguished part in several important expeditions, he received an honorable discharge with a view of returning to his native country. This was in 1575. On his return passage from Italy to Spain, however, the galley in which he sailed was captured by a Barbary corsair and taken to Algiers, where Cervantes and an older brother, who had embarked with him, were sold into slavery. After making several fruitless attempts to escape from his cruel and barbarous bondage, he was finally ransomed by his relatives and friends and restored to his native land.

Thus, after ten years of absence and hardship, during which time he served five years as a soldier and as many more as a slave, he returned to his home, maimed for life and almost penniless; yet with a mind enriched by observation and experience, his memory replete with incident and adventure, and his imagination glowing with images of classic beauty and Oriental splendor; all of which he turned to so good account in the admirable delineations of his unrivaled romances.

Another brief period of military enlistment ensued, when he abandoned the service of Mars for that of the Muses. During the next ten years he wrote for the stage, producing in the mean time a score or more of dramas, two of which only remain, *El Trato de Argel* and the *Numancia*. In 1584 he published *La Galatea*, a pastoral romance of considerable merit, in which he probably celebrates, under the name of Elicio, his own love for Donna Catalina de Salazar, to whom he was married on the 12th of December the same year. In 1588 he removed from Madrid to Seville. Here he found employment as a commissary's agent, and, as he says of himself, laid aside his pen and took leave of the drama.

For several years the history of the poet is involved in obscurity, though it is probable, from the minute descriptions he has given of its

topography, manners, and customs, that he must have resided for some time at La Mancha, where, for some reason not well ascertained, he was thrown into prison.

Don Quixote was published in 1605. This celebrated work, which has rendered the name of Cervantes so illustrious, was, like the Pilgrim's Progress, born in a dungeon. Though the author in his preface had styled it "a legend as dry as a rush," it was universally read, and as universally admired. All Europe was thrown into ecstasies of delight and paroxysms of laughter over its delicate wit and inimitable humor, while the most eminent artists vied with each other in representing upon wood, canvas, and copper-plate, the wild and extravagant exploits of its redoubtable hero. "I will lay a wager," says Sancho, "that before long there will not be a chop-house, a hedge-tavern, or a barber's shop, where the history of our exploits will not be painted and posted up." And so it was.

In 1603 we find him at Valladolid, where he resided until the removal of the Court to Madrid, when he again took up his residence in that city, and there passed the remainder of his life. Disappointed in his anticipations of court preferment, he now led a life of retirement, busily employed in the composition and revision of his works. In 1613 he again appeared before the public in his *Novelas Exemplares*, a series of instructive tales, twelve in number, which, though they have but little in common with the Decameron, have obtained for their author the appellation of the Spanish Boccaccio. In the following year he brought out the *Viage al Parnaso*—Journey to Parnassus—in which he characterizes himself, owing to the destitution of his wardrobe, as the "Adam of poets."

A spurious continuation of *Don Quixote* appeared in 1614 under the pseudonym of Avelaneda, in the preface to which Cervantes was attacked with the most vulgar abuse. He revenged himself by producing the Second Part of *Don Quixote* in the following year, which lost nothing by the anticipation of its illegitimate rival. In truth, it is generally considered as superior to the First Part. In the mean time he had published eight new plays and interludes, which, however, were unsuccessful. His *Persiles* and *Sigismunda* were composed during his last illness, and were not published until after his death. He had long been a sufferer, and now, with "one foot in the stirrup," he cheerfully awaited the summons to set out upon the longest, and, at the same time, the shortest of all journeys. He died of dropsy on the 23d of April, 1616—the same day and year on which

Shakspeare died—in the sixty-ninth year of his age, and was buried without funeral pomp in the Convent of the Trinitarians. That was a sad day for literature when she lost two such favorites as Shakspeare and Cervantes.

By way of recapitulation, we may be allowed to transcribe the following racy biographical summary by Viardôt:

"Born of a family honorable, but poor; receiving, in the first instance, a liberal education, but thrown into domestic servitude by calamity; page, *valet de chambre*, and afterward soldier; crippled at the battle of Lepanto; distinguished at the capture of Tunis; taken by a Barbary corsair; captive for five years in the slave dépôts of Algiers; ransomed by public charity, after every effort to effect his liberation by industry and courage had been made in vain; again a soldier in Portugal and the Azores; struck with a woman noble and poor like himself; recalled one moment to letters by love, and exiled from them the next by distress; recompensed for his services and talents by the magnificent appointment of clerk to a victualing board; accused of malversation with regard to the public money; thrown into prison by the king's ministers; released after proving his innocence; subsequently again imprisoned by mutinous peasants; became by profession a poet and a general agent; transacting, to gain a livelihood, negotiations by commission, and writing dramas for the theater; discovering, when more than fifty years of age, the true bent of his genius; ignorant what patron he could induce to accept of the dedication of his work; finding the public indifferent to a book, at which they condescended to laugh, but did not appreciate and could not comprehend; finding also jealous rivals, by whom he was ridiculed and defamed; pursued by want even to old age; forgotten by the many, unknown to all, and dying at last in solitude and poverty—such, during his life and at his death, was Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra."

As to his personal appearance, Cervantes was of medium stature, with a fair complexion, auburn hair, red beard, lively blue eyes, and an aquiline nose; of a cheerful temper and a magnanimous disposition, he was beloved by his friends and respected by his enemies. Neither extreme poverty, nor bitter misfortune, nor mortal disease could repress that genial flow of pleasantry and humor, which was so eminently characteristic not only of his writings, but of his every-day life. His generosity was equal to his genius. While a slave in Algiers he concerted a plan of escape for himself and thirteen of his fellow-captives. Before he was able to

carry it into execution his design was betrayed, when they were all summoned before the Dey, who promised them their lives on condition they would designate the contriver of the plot. "I was that person," exclaimed the intrepid Cervantes; "save my companions and let me perish." The Dey was so struck with this magnanimous conduct that he not only spared his life, but accepted his ransom and set him at liberty.

Though his dramas and novels are not without superior merit, the fame of Cervantes, as is well known, rests chiefly on the *Don Quixote*. Conceived within the walls of a prison, prosecuted amid the urgent demands of an unfriendly fortune, and finally completed as he was nearing the goal of three-score and ten, under the accumulated pressure of want, disappointment, and disease, this remarkable production, with its tissues of diverting incidents and romantic adventures, its brilliant fancies and flashes of humor, is indeed a miracle of genius. The principal object of this work, which it most successfully accomplished, was to ridicule, and thereby bring into disrepute, the innumerable popular novels of the day on knight-errantry. "Spain," says Voltaire, "has produced only one good book, the one that shows that all others are ridiculous." It was intended, as the author himself says in his preface, as a satire on the extravagant tales of chivalry. To this task he brought a penetrating intellect, a thorough insight into character, a fertile imagination, an inexhaustible invention, a delicate wit, and an exquisite humor that has rendered the *Don Quixote*, with its crack-brained hero and his cowardly squire, not only the most popular of romances, but the pride and boast of Castilian literature.

A satire without bitterness, it convinces without reasoning, and instructs without moralizing. By means of a very simple fable the author furnishes us a true picture of Spanish life, replete with incident and bristling with adventure, while he recites the exploits of his principal hero in language at once so elevated and well-sustained that a satirical romance almost rises to the dignity of a national epic. He presents us two symbolical types of the Middle Ages, we might almost say of every age—a soul giving itself up to noble impulses and generous self-sacrifices, and a body taking very good care of its precious epidermis. These two in their normal development are always in conflict. What a spectacle is presented in this mock heroic tournament! Sentimental illusions tilting at prosaic realities and placed *hors de combat* at every encounter! The selfish instincts of matter curbing the generous impulses of spirit!

Amiable fictions gibbeted upon inexorable facts. Utopian vagaries and rose-colored fancies colliding with practical experience and plain common sense. The poetry and romance of life ever grimly confronted by its plebeian prose.

It is in the constant opposition of these two symbolical types of character, presenting such striking contrasts that we find the greatest charm of the *Don Quixote*. In the famous tilt against the wind-mills, which the disordered imagination of the unlucky knight transformed into giants, when *Don Quixote*, bruised, bleeding, and well-nigh disjointed in the unequal conflict, lay in such evil plight on the hotly contested field of combat, he is thus comforted and consoled by the stolid, matter-of-fact *Sancho Panza*.

"Did I not warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but wind-mills? And nobody could mistake them but one who had the like in his head."

So, too, in his brilliant charge upon a squadron of sheep, which appeared to him nothing less than a powerful army of gallant knights in magnificent array, led on by the great Emperor *Alifanfaron* against his enemy *Pentapolin* of the naked arm.

"How sayest thou, *Sancho*? Hearest thou not the neighing of the steeds, the sound of trumpets, and the rattling of drums?"

"I hear nothing," answers the simple *Sancho*, "but the bleating of sheep and lambs."

"Thy fears, *Sancho*," said *Don Quixote*, "prevent thee from hearing or seeing aright, for one effect of fear is to disturb the senses, and make things not to appear what they really are; and if thou art so much afraid, retire and leave me alone, for with my single arm I shall insure victory to that side which I favor with my assistance." Then clapping spurs to *Rosinante*, and setting his lance in rest, he darted down the hillock like lightning.

The gallant knight, after charging the flock of sheep with great courage and intrepidity, until brought to the ground by a shower of stones from the slings of the exasperated shepherds, one of which carried away three or four of his teeth, while another "buried a couple of ribs in his body," is left for dead on the field. *Sancho* running to him, finds him in a very evil plight, though not quite bereaved of reason; and thus, with the most provoking coolness, insists upon taking a common-sense view of this melancholy affair:

"Did I not beg you, Signor *Don Quixote*, to come back; for those you went to attack were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men?"

Don Quixote, by way of indoctrinating his

simple squire more fully in the mysteries of knight-errantry, explains how hostile squadrons may be transformed into flocks of sheep, by the power of an unfriendly enchantment, and then discourses upon the vicissitudes of a fickle fortune, and the mysterious dispensations of an all-wise Providence; which leads *Sancho* to observe, that his "worship would make a better preacher than knight-errant." This, however, so far from giving offense, is construed into a well-deserved compliment by the gallant cavalier, who continues in a strain of paternal fondness and familiarity, which convinces us that the knight and his squire are upon the best possible terms, notwithstanding the radical differences in their rank and disposition.

"Pray to God, my son, and lead on whither thou wilt; for this time I leave our lodging to thy choice; but reach hither thy hand and feel how many grinders are wanting on the right side of my upper jaw; for there I feel the pain." *Sancho* put his fingers into his mouth, and, feeling about, said, "How many teeth had your worship on this side?"

"Four," answered *Don Quixote*, "besides the eye-tooth, all perfect and sound."

"Think what you say, sir," said *Sancho*.

"I say four, if not five," answered *Don Quixote*, "for in my whole life I never had tooth nor grinder drawn, nor have I lost one by rheum or decay."

"Well, then," said *Sancho*, "on this lower side your worship has but two grinders and a half; and in the upper, neither half nor whole; all is as smooth and even as the palm of my hand."

"Unfortunate that I am!" said *Don Quixote*, hearing these sad tidings from his squire, "I had rather they tore off an arm, provided it were not the sword arm, for thou must know, *Sancho*, that a mouth without grinders is like a mill without a stone, and that a diamond is not so precious as a tooth. But to all this we who profess the strict order of chivalry are liable. Mount, friend *Sancho*, and lead on."

"*Don Quixote*," says *Hallam*, "is the only book in the Spanish language which can now be said to possess much of a European reputation. It has, however, enjoyed enough to compensate for the neglect of all the rest. It is to Europe in general what *Ariosto* is to Italy, and *Shakespeare* to England; the one book to which the slightest allusion may be made without affectation, but not missed without discredit. Numerous translations, and countless editions of them, in every language, bespeak its adaptation to mankind: no critic has been paradoxical enough to withhold his admiration; no reader has

ventured to confess a want of relish for that in which the young and old, in every climate, have, age after age, taken delight."

Though the subordinate characters in the *Don Quixote* are drawn with great fidelity and skill, Cervantes appears to have lavished the whole wealth of his genius upon the two principal personages, *Don Quixote*, the doughty knight, and *Sancho Panza*, his faithful squire.

Sancho, short, stout, and adipose, seated upon *Dapple*, his patient, prosaic donkey, and equipped with wallet and leathern bottle, accouterments that minister to his ignoble aspirations more effectually than sword and buckler, is in most striking contrast to the tall, gaunt figure of his dignified and knightly master. A strange compound of shrewdness and fidelity, simple ignorance and proverbial wisdom—a mixture of the most contemptible qualities, with much that belongs to the better part of our nature, he not only interests and amuses us, but somehow contrives, not only to secure our good opinion, but to retain it to the very last.

Don Quixote, the "knight of the sorrowful figure," mounted upon his lean and homely steed, the faithful *Rosinante*, with his rusty armor and pasteboard visor—a pike for a lance, and a barber's basin for a helmet, notwithstanding his partial insanity, which, as he sallies forth in quest of adventures, metamorphoses windmills into giants, prostitutes into princesses, and country taverns into turreted castles, is, nevertheless, a noble and courteous cavalier, the very soul of honor and magnanimity, whose misfortunes awaken our sympathy, while his whimsical fancies excite our ridicule.

And yet beneath the surface of this perpetual laughter there is an under-current of deep pathos. It is the exaggerated mirth of a man, broken by misfortune, weighed down by disease, stung by ingratitude, crippled, neglected, ridiculed, deceived, defamed, languishing in poverty, pining in prison, and dying in solitude. There is something very touching in all this, all the more so, as it is not only Cervantes who thus laughs and sings, suffers and dies.

"The style of Cervantes in his *Don Quixote*," says *Sismondi*, "possesses an inimitable beauty which no translation can approach. It exhibits the nobleness, the candor, and the simplicity of the ancient romances of chivalry, together with a liveliness of coloring, a precision of expression, and a harmony in its periods, which have never been equaled by any other Spanish writer. The few passages in which *Don Quixote* harangues his auditors, have gained great celebrity by their oratorical beauty. Such, for example, are his observations on the marvels of the Age

of Gold, which he addresses to the shepherds who are offering him nuts. In this dialogue the language of *Don Quixote* is lofty and sustained; it has all the pomp and grace of antiquity. His words, like his person, seem always surrounded with cuirass and morion; and this style becomes more amusing when contrasted with the plebeian language of *Sancho Panza*."

As a poet, Cervantes does not take a high rank. *Don Francesco Manuel de Mello* pronounced him to be as barren in verse as he was fertile in prose, while a contemporary dramatic author mortified the pride of the poet by observing that "much might be expected from his prose, but nothing from his poetry." These criticisms perhaps are rather severe, though Cervantes himself, in his *Parnaso*, expresses some doubt with regard to his poetical powers. We venture, however, to subjoin the following as a specimen, if this may fairly be predicated of even the best translation:

DON QUIXOTE'S SONG.

"Love, with idleness its friend,
O'er a maiden gains its end;
But let business and employment
Fill up every careful moment;
These an antidote will prove
'Gainst the poisonous arts of love.
Maidens that aspire to marry,
In their looks reserve should carry;
Modesty their price should raise,
And be the herald of their praise.
Knights whom toils of arms employ,
With the free may laugh and toy;
But the modest only choose
When they tie the nuptial noose.
Love that rises with the sun,
With his setting beams is gone.
Love that, guest-like, visits hearts,
When the banquet's o'er departs;
And the love that comes to-day,
And to-morrow wings its way,
Leaves no traces on the soul,
Its affections to control.
Where a sovereign beauty reigns,
Fruitless are a rival's pains;
O'er a finished picture, who
E'er a second picture drew?
Fair *Dulcinea*, queen of beauty,
Rules my heart and claims its duty;
Nothing there can take its place,
Naught her image can erase,
Whether fortune smiles or frown,
Constancy's the lover's crown;
And, its force divine to prove,
Miracles performs in love."

TRUE science and true religion are twin sisters, and the separation of either from the other is sure to prove the death of both. Science prospers exactly in proportion as it is religious; and religion flourishes in exact proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis.

SYMPATHY.

PART I.

A REMARKABLE woman was Miss Dorothy Webb. Every body acknowledged that. She had been a remarkable child, a remarkable young damsel, and had ripened naturally and without effort into the remarkable woman. She was remarkable in more ways than one, as most sensible women are, but she had her forte, her hobby, her particular remarkability. Miss Dorothy's speciality was sympathy.

In this cold world, where personal interests and individual cares or aches seem to shut most people into themselves, what power so sweet, what gift so delightful as the ability to enter into the feelings of the sad-hearted or overtaken wayfarers along life's journey, and so bear another's burden as to fulfill the law of Christ!

"Are you going out, Dorothy?"

It was a sweet voice, indeed, that asked this question, but Miss Dorothy turned from the looking-glass where she was arranging her collar with an expression on her face that would have been unamiable, to say the least, if she had not been a remarkable woman.

"Yes, I am going out. Why do you ask?"

"Only because I thought I would go over and try on little Nannie's dress if you were going to be at home. You do not like to have the house left to itself, you know. Perhaps I could slip over there now and get back before you leave. In half an hour, any way."

"No, I am going directly. And if any one calls while I am out I want to know it. I shall be back early, so you need not look so disappointed."

"I was thinking of Nannie's disappointment. She is depending on having the dress done this week."

"Beggars must n't be choosers, sister Ruth."

"No, but the little thing has set her heart on going to the Sabbath-school next Sunday, and she has so few pleasures. But perhaps I can finish it if I work on it this evening instead of going to class-meeting."

"I wonder, Ruth," said Miss Dorothy, angrily, "that you will tie yourself down to this kind of work. You are never free from it. You do n't give yourself the least leisure to go out among people and find out their troubles, and give them a helping word in season. You tire yourself till even our light housekeeping is a burden to you. You have n't time even to dress yourself properly. I was quite mortified when Mrs. Fielding called on us."

"Susie Fielding?" Aunt Ruthy brightened at the name in spite of her sister's lecture. "She is one of my dearest friends, Dorothy."

"So it seems. I can't understand it, though. Did you hear what she said when you came into the parlor in that loose wrapper, and your face as red as fire?"

"I was ironing, Dorothy. But what did she say? Nothing unkind, I know."

"She said, 'Your sister is altered since I saw her. But her husband was alive then, and he would not permit her to be a household drudge.' Those were her very words, and she looked as if she thought somebody was to blame about it. Of course, I did n't tell her that you were hurrying the ironing to get time to go over and dress old Paul Dunbar's blisters."

"Poor old man!" said Aunt Ruthy softly, her eyes filling with tears, "he is almost home. He won't live through this week. His troubles are almost over. I must go in there this evening. It is like standing at the gate of heaven. Such a good, happy old Christian!" Aunt Ruthy added dreamily. "May my last end be like his!"

She left the room as she spoke, and Miss Dorothy turned again to the glass.

"Poor Ruthy!" she sighed. "How different we are! We were never alike as children. And now she is too old to change. Two years older than I am. She looks ten years older," said Miss Dorothy, with a gratified glance into the mirror. "She is not to blame, poor thing," she went on, "if she can not enter into my feelings or understand my work. I think she does appreciate my talents, and she never hinders me in any way."

Miss Dorothy was really a fine-looking woman; that is, she became one as her toilet progressed. Take out her false teeth, and remove those dark, glossy braids of hair; forbid the use of the pearl powders that whitened her skin, and you would see a somewhat surprising change in her appearance. If her house had taken fire at night, and she had been rescued from the flames in her unadorned loveliness, it is a question whether her most familiar friends could have recognized her; but now, in her street costume, with a bran new chignon, Miss Dorothy was decidedly well "got up," and well looking too.

She knew it, and it made her mission more agreeable. She was going out on purpose to sympathize with her fellow-creatures, and it was pleasant to make a good impression as to looks.

"Ah, these people who confine themselves so closely to what they call home duties, little realize the good they could do if they would go out and condole with their fellow-creatures. It

wouldn't be such a cold, dreary world to live in," said Miss Dorothy with a gush of sentiment, "if selfishness could be overcome or even occasionally set aside. Every body has more or less of trouble, and every body needs sympathy. Now, if every body would do their share, what a lightening of heavy burdens, what a cheering of drooping spirits would result!"

Miss Dorothy had never had any particular experience of sorrow or disappointment. Excepting the strange blindness of the stronger sex which had kept her in a state of forced celibacy, just as if she had been a Roman Catholic priest, she had managed to have her own way in life. She and her widowed sister lived alone in a pretty cottage which they had inherited from their parents, and their income was sufficient for their support in a plain, comfortable way; not large enough for both sisters to live fashionably idle; and so the kitchen work fell naturally into the hands of Aunt Ruth, who, having had and lost a family of her own, was supposed to be posted in all the mysteries of housekeeping. Miss Dorothy often said with truth that she had never been sick in her life. Even the indispensable ailments of childhood, such as the measles and whooping-cough, had touched her so lightly as to leave no remembrance of them. Her parents had dropped off in a good old age like shocks of corn fully ripe.

"That, of course, was to be expected of old people," was Miss Dorothy's rejoinder to her pastor's attempt to comfort her after the last funeral was over.

But Miss Dorothy's lack of sorrowful experience only made her assumption of the office of general comforter more meritorious. She was not governed by feeling but by principle.

"If I were swayed by impulses as Ruth is I could accomplish nothing. I do n't wait for the selfish leadings of the natural heart. Ruth," she called from the hall as she opened the front door to go out, "I am going as far as Betsey Craig's if I have time. If you get tea ready by six o'clock it will do. Do you hear, Ruth?"

"Yes, I hear. I will see to it."

Ruth had put by little Nannie's frock, and was now knitting on some warm socks for a family of poor little children up in Irish Row. She was, as Miss Dorothy had complained, always busy with something of the kind.

"You see," she would say apologetically, "I have n't sister Dorothy's talents, and I like to knit and sew. It puts me out to call on people, and—and I could n't on any account advise them about their affairs, but I can slip into one of those poor cabins and leave a little flannel shirt or a pair of warm stockings, and run

home again before any body knows a thing about it. Ah, what a number of half-clothed people live in that one wretched alley!"

Those poor neglected people were on her mind all the afternoon after her sister left. How could they be effectually helped?

"God pity them!" she said sadly. "The Winter is coming fast now. I must look over my poplin dress. If the skirt can be turned upside down it will do for another season, and then I can manage to send a load of coal to poor widow Thompson. What a hard life she has, poor thing! with her six children and that lame boy! Yes, the poplin must do somehow. I do n't see how she has any courage to live. If I had sister Dorothy's talent I could sympathize with her. Still, talking does not seem to be just what she needs. I could n't speak a word when I found them so poor. I just put a little money in her hand, and ran home and cried. I must do better than that the next time. Ah, well," said Aunt Ruth resignedly, though she was crying again as she remembered the scene, "I must not be discouraged. Harry used to say I did nicely. Nicely. How he used to praise all my efforts to use my one little talent! Well, well, I will do what I can. The Master knows all about it."

A peaceful look came over her face, and she began to sing softly an old tune learned in childhood:

"What I do Thou knowest well;
What I have not skill to do
Glad I leave to stronger hands,
Satisfied if thy commands
I obey with spirit true."

In the mean time Miss Dorothy was slowly pacing down the pleasant street enjoying the warm October sunshine, comfortably intent upon the fulfillment of her mission, and on the lookout for chance objects of interest. She half paused before a house that stood directly on the street without any pretense of a door-yard, and then passed on shaking her head decidedly.

"There is no use in calling there. Charity Pearce's tongue runs from morning till night. I can never finish a sentence without being interrupted. She does n't seem to have the least idea of what I am saying, but strikes in with something entirely foreign to the subject. She will always be a cripple, and any body would think she would feel interested about it, but the very last time I tried to express my pity for her, she broke right in with a question about the prices of cotton cloth. And when I told her about Captain Blank who has just such a foot as hers, and suffers unheard-of tortures right and day, I declare I had to raise my voice so high to bring it above hers that it made me

hoarse. I suppose that we together made considerable noise, and I am sure her sister was laughing when she went out of the room so suddenly. No, I'll not go in there. Charity Pearce may do her own comforting."

Still smarting with the sense of personal injury caused by this remembrance of the cripple's indifference and bad manners, Miss Dorothy crossed the street and came to a stand opposite Dr. Ludlow's office. That young physician was just starting off on a round of professional calls, but he waited politely when she accosted him. He looked exceedingly bright and happy, as a prosperous physician should. There were two special causes for his bright looks now. One of his patients, who had for several days been balancing between life and death, had passed the crisis of his disease, and was out of danger.

The other cause for rejoicing was not a public matter at all. The doctor would not have thought of mentioning it to Miss Dorothy, but it made his heart just as warm as a toast for all that. He kept thinking it over, how only last evening that prettiest, daintiest, sweetest of all earth's charming daughters, fair Alice Howard, had promised to be his wife when the new year came in. In spite of his natural courtesy, his new happiness made him somewhat absent-minded, and Miss Dorothy had a little trouble to bring him back to prosy, matter-of-fact life.

"Good morning, doctor," she said. "I need not ask if you are well. You look as cheerful and free from care as a June morning."

"I am always well, thank you."

"There are not many doctors who can say as much. A physician's position is so responsible that it necessarily wears upon him. That is, if he is at all sensitive."

"I am not sensitive," said the doctor, his forehead flushing in direct contradiction to his words.

"It is a good thing if a doctor can feel cheerful. It is all for the best, I dare say, if you have n't much feeling. Though, as Betsey Craig says—she is one of your patients, is n't she?—she *should* like to have a doctor who really cared whether she lived or died. She says she needs sympathy more than medicine."

"Very likely. But doctors seldom have time to pet their patients. Miss Craig's illness is chronic, and naturally discourages her. But she will get well. Time and patience will cure. And, if you will allow me to say so to you who visit her so often, cheerful society is what she needs rather than the mistaken sympathy that keeps her disease in mind."

It was Miss Dorothy's turn to color now.

"I wonder," she said, evading the point raised, "I wonder often how you can feel so gay, coming as you do from the very presence of death every day. You drive about as careless and easy as if there were not a sorrowful heart in the world. You were actually whistling when I stopped. Not that whistling is wicked, but it is strange that you can feel like it. Did you ever have any trials?" she asked curiously.

"Not more than were good for me." The doctor's face was now considerably clouded by the sympathy he was receiving, and he answered shortly. His horse pawed the ground impatiently. "Stand still, Bayard. Be quiet, sir. We'll be off directly. You are in a hurry as well as your master," said the doctor.

Miss Dorothy paid no attention to this hint.

"Some folks, doctor, can throw their trials one side and go on as if nothing were the matter. They really don't seem to be able to feel even for themselves. But if I were you I would get into the habit of feeling for others. It would help you as a doctor more than any thing else. There is old Doctor Rose. You know him?"

"I have met him once or twice."

"He is the favorite doctor in this region."

"Is he?" Doctor Ludlow had good reason to doubt this, but he did n't say so.

"Yes. He has so much sympathy. He always prays with his patients. Do you ever try that?"

"No, ma'am."

The doctor was a Christian, but, like many others, was reticent in regard to his own experience, and, therefore, reluctant to inquire into the religious feelings of others. It was a backwardness that he lamented daily. He was striving to overcome it, for no one was more sensible than himself of the peculiar opportunities to do good to the souls of men that open to a pious physician. Still, Miss Dorothy's catechising grated upon his feelings. Her curious scrutiny of his actions seemed indelicate. It irritated him.

"Doctor," said Miss Dorothy, "I never see you without feeling sorry for you. You are young and you want practice, of course, and you can't help that cheerful look. You can't look like Dr. Rose if you try."

The old Doctor's solemn phiz came up so vividly before the young man's mind that he laughed heartily in spite of his vexation.

"You are quite right, Miss Dorothy," he said presently. Then, observing her shocked look, he added good-naturedly, "Dr. Rose is an excellent man and a skillful doctor, but he is thirty years older than I am, so I can not hope to look

like him very soon. Thank you for your interest in me all the same."

"Yes," said Miss Dorothy complacently, "it is well for you that I do feel an interest in you. When Abby Nelson died, and the folks said it was your medicine that killed her, I stood up for you. I said that when you had mixed drugs a few years longer, you would understand the nature of them better. 'He's young,' I said."

"Why, Miss Dorothy!"—the young doctor's face was quite solemn enough now—"I did not give Miss Nelson any medicine. She died before I saw her. She broke a blood-vessel."

"Well, I declare! how folks will lie!" Miss Dorothy's indignation was genuine. Whatever may be thought of her way of expressing sympathy, she was no backbiter. She never slandered people. In the language of one of her intimate friends, "she had her good failings."

"You must n't mind what folks say," she went on in a tone of real interest. "You must learn to live above it. Now every body is talking because Nancy Clenman don't try some other doctor. You have attended her so long, you see. And the poor girl does not get better. Now, do you think she does?"

"She will never be any better," said the young doctor sadly. His face was any thing but cheerful now. Nannie Clenman had injured her spine by a fall two years ago, and she would lie helplessly on her couch and suffer great pain until it should please God, the pitying Father, to take her to his rest.

"I would have a council of doctors, if I were you," advised Miss Dorothy.

"It would do no good, and they are too poor to bear the expense."

"It would take the responsibility off your shoulders. Don't you see? People will talk, you know."

"Yes; I suppose they will. But, Miss Dorothy, I would rather not know what is said about me or my practice. You mean well, but it is very discouraging. I must bid you good-day now, or some of my sick ones will be impatient."

"The mercy!" ejaculated Miss Dorothy as she watched him cantering down the street. "How touchy he is! He might at least have thanked me for my sympathy. Why, I have stood here condoling with him a full half hour if I have a minute. Well, well, I do n't expect to be appreciated in this world. I'm glad for one there is a future state."

Being now in a pious and elevated frame of mind, she decided to call on a sick lady who had been ill so long that people were used to

the idea of it, and, as a matter of course, thought very little about it.

"Yes, I'll go in and see Mrs. Elder. Poor woman! she'll be glad enough to see any body who will sympathize with her. Why did n't I think to ask Dr. Ludlow if there were any new cases of sickness, so that I could tell her about them. I do believe," said Miss Dorothy, "that she would n't hear of half the deaths in the place if it were not for me."

Mrs. Elder was an invalid without any definite ailment. She was exceedingly frail and delicate-looking, and suffered greatly from nervous weakness and general debility. She could not bear excitement, and often became so sensitive to noises that the sudden slamming of a door made her hysterical. She was subject to long and severe attacks of headache, during which the slightest jar in the room, or a whispered word, occasioned her exquisite torture. She was young, not yet twenty-five, and, in spite of the ravages of illness, a very beautiful woman.

Miss Dorothy's pity for her was very sincere. She made it a point to call on her as often as once a week. It was Mr. Elder's opinion, sometimes very strongly expressed, that his wife was invariably worse after one of these visits, and the invalid herself began to be conscious of a shuddering dread whenever her sharpened sense of hearing recognized Miss Dorothy's soft knock at the door. There was a sense of relief at the close of each visit, that the invalid would not have been willing to acknowledge to herself; and a "fearful looking forward," as if a dentist were coming to extract her eye-teeth, whenever the advent of an unusually fine day seemed especially calculated to allure people out of doors.

"She will come to-day, I think," she said, glancing out of the window at the pleasant October sunshine and unconsciously sighing.

"O yes, you are so much better, my dear," said Mr. Elder, "that it is high time for her to come and overset you. I should like to give her a piece of my mind—a good, generous slice. I shall do it yet."

"O, no," remonstrated his wife; "you must not forget, Tom, that she was one of my mother's friends."

"Bother the friends! Shows bad taste in your mother. She is no friend of my wife, or of myself, I am happy to say. A queer sort of friendship that tries to kill its object."

"Why, Tom!"

"Ah, Bessie, you can shake your head if you like, but I must say that, for a good woman, she has a wonderful power of making other folks

feel wicked. Why, I never see her coming into the house without feeling my dander rise. She comes in so pompously, as if she were appointed our inspector-general, and looks about with an air that says, 'Just trot out your family skeleton, for I'm bound to get a good look at it.' Tell you what it is, Bessie, I should like to take her by the nape of her neck and turn her inquisitive nose decidedly toward home."

Bessie laughed merrily. Her husband had such an overplus of life and good spirits that it really refreshed her weaker nature to hear him laugh and scold together like a good-humored giant. There was no suggestion of illness or suffering in his healthy face and tall, portly figure, and Bessie often forgot her bad feelings while listening to him.

"You will frighten me, Tom," she said at last. "You are positively ferocious. I did n't think you could show such a spirit. Poor Miss Dorothy!" Bessie continued, "she means well. It is her way of expressing sympathy."

"Sympathy! It is her way of meddling with other folks' business. And there she comes. The old saying is true, 'The devil is nearest when we are talking about him.' What will you do? Take ether?"

"Do n't keep me laughing, I beg. What will she think of me?" Bessie tried hard to straighten her face to a decorous length.

"Do n't trouble yourself, my dear, she will soon sober you. She frightened you into hysterics the last time she was here."

"Well, I won't mind what she says now. Why do n't Bridget open the street door? She has rung twice. Do, Tom, let her in," urged Bessie nervously, still using her best endeavors to smother a giggle.

"She should ring a week before I would let her in of my own accord."

But he went to the door, nevertheless. Miss Dorothy was not particularly glad to find him at home. She felt instinctively that Mr. Elder did not appreciate her. She had several times thought his half-defiant manner might be interpreted as a desire for her to keep away. She had usually contrived to call when he was absent, it was so much pleasanter to have his wife all to herself. But if a man chose to stay in his own house, with his own wife, she could not help it, as she followed him into the house after inquiring after his wife.

"She is nicely, I thank you—improving fast," said Mr. Elder. "She is in very good spirits, too, and we are careful to avoid all gloomy subjects in conversation. If any body brings in a lot of blues we just bundle them out of doors, blues and all. There is no use in being cere-

monious in such matters," he added as Miss Dorothy swept by him into his wife's room.

"Do n't get up, my dear child," she said as Bessie rose to receive her. "Why, what have you been doing to yourself? You are as pale as a ghost. Are you faint?"

"No, I—I believe not," replied Bessie, glancing into a mirror opposite with a frightened look.

"Well, you look faint. There is n't a particle of color in your lips. When I was in here last week I thought you had no flesh to lose, but I can see that you have grown thin."

"On the contrary, she has gained a pound in that time. I weighed her myself this morning. I never saw any one improve more rapidly."

"Perhaps she had on some extra clothing. Still, when people are ill their weight is apt to be variable, and a pound more or less does not prove any thing. Have you any appetite?"

"I should think she had," said Mr. Elder, still answering for his wife. "I am afraid to say how much beefsteak she ate for dinner."

Miss Dorothy sighed—a benevolent sort of sigh, as if it went to her heart to dissipate the hopes of her listeners, but it must be done.

"Voracity is often a bad symptom; always so toward the last. My dear child, it makes me very sad to see you wasting away so."

Bessie felt a chilly, nervous tremor stealing over her, and again she glanced involuntarily into the glass to find out by her own observation whether she were alive or dead. It was a pale, scared face that she saw, and she shivered visibly. Her husband sat down by her side and put his arm around her.

"I did n't want to hug Bessie right before her," he said afterward, "because I knew the old humbug never had a genuine hug in her life, and so might die of envy; but I drew her up pretty snug and whispered, 'Shall I shoot her?' This set Bessie to laughing again; or, rather, it was a mixture of hysterical laughing and crying."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Dorothy, looking at her compassionately, "how weak your poor nerves are! There is Annie Wheeler—she was just so at first"

"Annie Wheeler!" Bessie repeated in surprise. "I have not heard any thing about Annie."

"I did not mean you to hear it at present," said her husband, "because you are weak, and I knew it would shock you. But I must tell you now. I suppose. Annie is in the insane asylum."

"After murdering her child," put in Miss Dorothy solemnly.

Bessie hid her face on her husband's shoulder and clung to him convulsively. "O, Tom, if I ever should be like that!"

"You never will, my darling. You are no more like Annie than I am."

"Mr. Elder," asked Miss Dorothy impressively, "do you think it does any good to deceive people who are ill?"

"No, ma'am, I do not. I never did it in my life," he answered. Bessie smiled trustfully as she looked up into his clear, honest eyes. "I should like to ask you a question, Miss Dorothy. What earthly good can it do a nervous invalid to be excited by gloomy forebodings or frightened by accounts of murder? I know that is your way of showing sympathy, but I object to Bessie's being tormented in that way. In fact, I won't permit it. Now, if you can come in like a cheerful Christian, as you ought to be at your time of life, and bring only cheerful influences with you, why, come and welcome. But if you must turn our parlor into a graveyard, stay away, for mercy's sake, and oblige yours, respectfully, Thomas Elder."

Bessie laughed again. It was so funny to hear him gravely conclude his speech as if he were finishing a letter. Miss Dorothy looked at her pityingly.

"I will go. I meant to tell you about the fever in Warrington and about your Uncle Charles being so unfortunately drowned, but I will go. Send for me if you need me. I stood by the death-beds of your mother and your grandmother, and I shall not refuse to stand by yours."

Bessie shuddered again and turned very pale.

"We are not dying yet," said Mr. Elder angrily; "and if we were, I dare say we could manage it without your help. Shall I have the pleasure of opening the front door for you? If she had only been a man," he said to Bessie on his return to the parlor, "I would have helped her down the steps with the toe of my boot. However, I guess she will keep away in future."

As for Miss Dorothy, standing bewildered in the street, it would be difficult to describe her state of feeling. It was very evident that her sympathy for others was not appreciated. Was it worth while to continue her efforts? "I think," said the good lady, "that I will go no farther this afternoon. I will go home and meditate."

THE wise man expects future things, but does not depend upon them, and in the mean time enjoys the present, remembering the past with delight; but the life of the fool is wholly carried on to the future.

"GATES AJAR."

HAWTHORNE tells us that he was for years "the obscurest man of letters in America." Were some of our modern female writers to detail their experience they would tell of no such weary waiting for "years," but of a ready, almost immediate recognition from the public. Among these fortunate ones we may place the lady whose name stands at the head of this paper.

Her first publication in book form, "Gates Ajar"—if we except some juvenile works—became, immediately after its publication, very popular, and she was therefore led to collect a number of magazine articles, add a few stories to them, and publish them under the title of "Men, Women, and Ghosts." It is of these two volumes that I wish to speak, with a few passing allusion to her writings for the young.

It may be that the subject of "Gates Ajar" had much to do in causing its wonderful popularity. So crude are the ideas of many in regard to a future state, so anxious are we all to know what shall meet us in "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns," that when one who has thought much upon the subject, and who has studied nature and Revelation to find out their teachings, comes to us with the result of those studies, we are apt to give a respectful hearing, and to manifest a deep interest.

"Gates Ajar" is in the form of a novel, and that again is almost essential to secure a hearing with a large class of readers; indeed, this age may be emphatically styled a "novel-reading" age. When Mrs. Browning would give us her "highest convictions of Art and Life," she puts them in the form of a novel in poetry; when Mrs. Charles would interest us in the great religious questions that led to the Reformation, she gives us a novel detailing the beautiful "History of the Schönberg-Cotta Family;" when writers for our youth wish to teach science or morals, they find it almost necessary to string them upon a story. Whether the excessive supply of novels has developed the morbid taste for them, or the taste has caused the supply, I do not know; it is certainly a taste which grows by what it feeds on.

"Gates Ajar," although a novel, lacks many of the elements which make a novel popular among those who read such works exclusively; there are no thrilling adventures, beautiful heroines, hair-breadth escapes, terrible plots, etc. The interest all centers in the development of the characters which are very skillfully drawn;

the plot is so simple that it is scarcely worth calling a plot.

The date of the story is our late civil contest. Mary Cabot, a maiden of twenty-five—in her Diary she styles herself an “old maid”—lives alone; her brother Roy, the only other member of the family, being in the army. There comes a telegram announcing Roy's death, and the entire interest of the tale centers in Mary's anguish at bereavement, her rebellious thoughts and struggles, the attempted consolations of neighbors and friends, and the real consolation of an aunt, Mrs. Forceythe, who, in the hour of Mary's sorest need, comes to her and pours balm into her wounded spirit. Indeed, I may say the interest centers in the arguments used by Mrs. Forceythe to comfort Mary in regard to a recognition of friends in heaven, and the employments and enjoyments of the redeemed who have passed beyond “the gates.”

In order to give a satisfactory statement of these arguments, it will be necessary to enter so far into the story as to give the condition of Mary's mind when these consolations were applied.

Mary Cabot has lost more than most sisters lose when a brother is called away. In her journal she says:

“I wonder why Roy was so much more to me than many brothers are to many sisters. I think it must be that there never was another Roy. Then we have lived together so long, we two alone, since father died, that he had grown to be heart of my heart, life of my life. Besides, I suppose most young women of my age have their dreams, and a future probable or possible which makes the very incompleteness of life seem sweet because of the symmetry that is waiting somewhere. But that was settled so long ago for me that it makes it very different. Roy was all there was.”

I suppose many in the first agony of their bereavement have experienced just such rebellious feelings as Mary Cabot here records in her journal, even though they may have hesitated to have expressed them in such startling words. I give one or two extracts from the journal:

“Roy, snatched away in an instant by a dreadful God, and laid out there in the wet and cold—in the hideous wet and snow—never to kiss him, never to see him any more.”

“A scrap from the German of Burger which I came across to-day, shall be copied here:

‘Be calm, my child, forget thy woe,
And think of God and heaven:
Christ, thy Redeemer, hath to thee
Himself for comfort given.

O, mother, mother! what is heaven?
O, mother! what is hell?
To be with Wilhelm, that's my heaven;
Without him, that's my hell.”

Her agony is not the agony of one who fears for the eternal safety of the soul that has been suddenly summoned away from earth, for she rests confidently upon the hope expressed in a letter from Roy, which she quotes in her journal:

“That short, dear letter which came to me in December, in which he wrote: ‘Perhaps I ought not to call myself a Christian, and I shall make no profession to be such until I am sure of it, but my life has not seemed to me for a long time to be my own. ‘Bought with a price’ just expresses it. I can point to no time at which I was conscious by any revolution of feeling of ‘experiencing a change of heart,’ but it seems to me that a man's heart might be changed for all that. I do not know that it is necessary to be able to watch every footprint of God. The way is all that concerns us; to see that we follow it and him.”

Satisfied that he is at rest, her agony is in the pain of separation, and in the feeling that heaven itself, even if both should meet there, will fail to be a reuniting of the severed links. Her thoughts of heaven might have been condensed in those lines describing it as a place

“Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.”

I quote from the journal:

“If I were to go there it would do me no good, for I should not see Roy. Or if by chance I should see him standing up among the white angels it would not be Roy. I should grow so tired of singing—should long and fret for one little talk, for I never said good-by, and—”

About this time comes a letter from the aunt, Mrs. Forceythe. This aunt is a widowed sister of Mary Cabot's mother, and, having spent most of her life in the South and West, she is personally unknown to her niece. She writes:

“You have been in all my thoughts, and they have been such pitiful, tender thoughts that I can not help letting you know that somebody is sorry for you.”

“I can only leave you with the heart that bled and broke for you and Roy.

“Your aunt,

“WINIFRED FORCEYTHE.”

A visit follows from her and her three-year-old daughter, which is prolonged into a permanent residence.

Mrs. Forceythe, with a keen insight, soon discovers the sorest feeling of the niece's heart, and when she ventures to show her the rebell-

ious pages of her journal in which she had quoted those lines from Burger, she gives her this bit of comfort:

"Mary, Mary! do you think he could have lived those thirty-three years and be cruel to you now? Think that over and over; only that. It may be the only thought you dare to have; it was all I dared to have once; but cling to it—cling with both hands, Mary, and keep it."

With such thoughts as these she tries to put away Mary's feeling that the separation is caused by a cruel God; and having partly succeeded, she begins to divest her mind of what she feels to be her false conceptions of that other world. She has fully satisfied herself that a life beyond the flood is the reuniting of the broken links here; a taking up of the old life just where we dropped it, and a going on from that to wonderful heights and inconceivable bliss. She says of Roy:

"He will meet you at the door in this other home—just as he did in this, after you had been away—and lead you into the light and warmth. And can not that make the cold and the dark a little shorter?"

In answer to Mary's complaint that she can not say "God's will be done," she answers:

"Sometime you will find out, in a happy moment, that you can say those words with all your heart, and with all your might, and with all your strength."

When poor Mary asks for proof texts in regard to the recognition in heaven of separated earthly friends, she answers in some such passages as these:

"If many shall come from the East and the West, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, will they not know them? or will they think it is Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego?"

"Did not Peter and the others know Moses when they saw him? know Elias when they saw him?"

"Did not the beggar recognize Abraham? You remember the cry wrung from the old stricken king, 'I shall go to him, but he will not return to me.'"

But still there come to Mary's mind the thoughts of heaven as a place where, with crowns, and white robes and palms, all the redeemed spend an eternity of singing, and she says:

"But the harps and the choirs, the throne and the robes, are all in Revelation."

"Can't people tell picture from substance, a metaphor from its meaning?" answers Mrs. Forceythe.

And now commences Mrs. Forceythe's delineations of her own views of heaven, to which Mary becomes a ready convert:

"I suppose we shall talk as well as sing. There are the visitors at the beautiful Mount of Transfiguration. Did not they talk?"

"Only when we talk in heaven there will be no troubles, nor sins, nor anxieties to talk about."

"I believe we shall talk, and laugh, and joke, and play. There was sense and Christianity in what somebody wrote of a humorous poet."

"Does nobody laugh there where he has gone?—this man of the smile and the jest—provided there was hope that the poor fellow had gone to heaven."

To all this Mary readily assents; from some of it some of us would dissent. Years ago, when we were children, we were "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;" we can recall the merry childish giggle which seemed such positive enjoyment then, though, perhaps, if suddenly checked and questioned, we could have given no intelligent reason for our mirth. That childish giggle would be impossible to us now; it constituted one element in the happiness of childhood, and yet now we find it difficult to understand or sympathize with it. When we ceased to be children "we put away childish things;" and so, perhaps, when we grow to be redeemed saints, and put away earthly things, these pleasant plays, and laughs, and jokes will be no longer essential; they may be as impossible as the childish mirth of little faith would be now to you or me, reader.

After these quotations we have some flippant remarks, which I will not quote, that mar the beauty of this otherwise thoughtful book. There is, occasionally, a touch of flippancy, of levity, which reminds me of the smartness of Fanny Fern.

But Aunt Winifred's consolations are not confined to her niece. A pupil in her class at Sunday-school confides to her her trouble. "See here, I can't be good. I would be good if I could only just have a piano." And she answers, "Well, Clo., if you will be a good girl and go to heaven, I think you will have a piano there, and play as much as you care to."

To my mind this is as if my little daughter should say, "See here, ma, I can't be good. I would be good if I could only have a big waxen doll with curls, that could shut its eyes when I put it to sleep." And I answer, "Well, my child, be good and learn your lessons, and grow up to be a woman, and then you shall have a waxen doll such as you speak of, and you shall play with it as much as you care to."

I think she would instinctively feel, "I sha n't care to play with it then at all. I shall have womanly tastes and feelings, and the old doll loves will be laid aside."

Mrs. Forceythe is also found by the sick and the dying. Mrs. Bland, the minister's wife, is dying, and her little children are to be motherless; and the mother in her agony—for she is dying from severe burns—only grieves for them.

"I could bear it, I could bear it, if it were not for them. Without any mother all their lives—such little things—and to go away when I can't do a single thing for them."

But Aunt Winifred stooped down and spoke decidedly, but low: "You will do for them. God knows all about it. He will not send you away from them. You shall be just as much their mother every day of their lives as you have been. Perhaps there is something to be done for them which you never could have done here."

The scene is beautiful; and yet how could she dare? It may be truth; perhaps it is; but to utter, as a decided fact, what God has not revealed; how dares she?

I just now recall a beautiful character mentioned by Jean Paul Richter—his sister-in-law, Ernestina, who passed away in early womanhood a childless wife. He says of her: "O, how wouldst thou have loved and educated with thy clearness of perception, thy strength of character, thy self-sacrificing soul!" and adds, "The desire to press a child to her heart occupied the last moments before her death. She was one of the noblest women who ever lived."

Had Aunt Winifred knelt by the side of this death-bed—though Ernestina seems to have been herself unconscious of the fact that she was passing away—would she have dared suggest that in another stage of being these motherly aspirations would be gratified? Would she not rather have said, "God created these yearnings and aspirations, and if not gratified here, he has that which will be better in store for you in another world. We may not say decidedly what, but he sees our needs; he will see that nothing is lacking which will develop these natures of ours to holiness and happiness."

Another instance of Aunt Winifred's consolations. The little sentimental Clo, who could not "be good without a piano," becomes a disappointed love-lorn lass; she bestows her heart upon one who is ignorant of the gift, and who has never sought to win it. She comes to Aunt Winifred, the consoler, "O, Mrs. Forceythe, what is going to become of me up there? He never loved me, you see, and he never, never will; and he will have some beautiful, good wife

of his own, and I won't have any body. For I can't love any body else; I've tried."

Mrs. Forceythe does not comfort by telling her that "in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage," but she tells her "that she shall have him there, or if not himself something—somebody who would so much more than fill his place that she shall never have a lonely or unloved moment." Does she forget that she "can't love any body else? she's tried?" How much better to cling to the simple written word, and tell her that this fancied earthly love is not necessary for her happiness or peace.

But we have left Mary Cabot. We return to her difficulties and questionings, and to Aunt Winifred's answers.

They visit the grave-yard—for Roy's dead body has been brought home and deposited in the village cemetery—and there in the shade of the evergreens, sitting on the green turf, with the Summer breezes blowing upon them, they talk of the knowledge which our departed ones have of our life here. Mary wonders if Roy is thinking of her now; if, in that happy home where he dwells, he cares to know any thing of the loved one left behind. Aunt Winifred answers:

"Roy loved you. Our Father, for some tender hidden reason, took him out of your sight for awhile. Though changed much, he can have forgotten nothing. Being only out of sight, you remember, not lost, nor asleep, nor annihilated, he goes on loving. To love must mean to think of, to care for, to hope for, to pray for, not less out of the body than in it."

This thought leads to the assurance by Aunt Winifred that she does not doubt that "the ministering spirits sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation" are our own departed ones. Mary drinks in Aunt Winifred's belief without question, though Aunt Winifred assures her that she has no positive "thus saith the Lord" on that point.

"The Bible," she says, "does not say a great deal about it, but it does not contradict it."

Mary finds comfort in the belief, and immediately conceives of Roy as hovering over her pathway, interested in her life, glad of her successes, his own happiness increased by witnessing her brave discharge of duty, her willing bearing of the burden which had seemed so crushing in her first sudden bereavement.

I do not know that any of us can offer any objection to Mary's belief, inasmuch as the Bible plainly does not contradict it. I do not know but that we may admit her desire to please Roy to be a legitimate motive for a certain line of conduct when other motives seem powerless,

but, if we allow this "communion of the saints," as Mrs. Forceythe calls it, to lead us to consult them as to our mode of conduct, we trench upon modern spiritualism, and to those who would hold by the teachings of the blessed book such conduct is simply repulsive.

As an instance of Mrs. Forceythe's "communion of saints," I give the following:

The subject of her residence with May or her return to her Western home had been discussed; she was undecided; but after an afternoon spent alone in her room, she returns to the sitting-room and says, "It is quite plain now, I have been talking it over *with them* all the afternoon; it seems to be *what they want*."

And Mary starts at the expression "with them," but immediately adds mentally, "Ah! it is simply real to her! Who, indeed, but her Savior and her husband?"

Miss Phelps does not tell us how she communed with her husband. With her Savior we suppose by prayer; but are we anywhere commanded or allowed to pray—not in the sense of petitioning, but of consulting—with our departed ones?

Mary now wants something definite about the resurrection and the intermediate state. Mrs. Forceythe believes that in that intermediate state we shall not be disembodied, but re-embodied; not, however, in the permanent body which is to be ours after the resurrection; and in regard to that body she bids us remember that "Paul expressly stated that we shall not rise in our entire earthly bodies. The simile he used is the seed sown, dying in, and mingling with the ground. How many of its original particles are found in the full-grown ear?"

"For aught we know some invisible compound of an annihilated body may hover, by a Divine decree, around the site of death till it is wanted—sufficient to preserve identity as strictly as a body can ever be said to preserve it."

Then there are many "conjectures" in regard to the rivers and trees, the mansions, etc., in the New Jerusalem. Aunt Winifred is only careful to conjecture "nothing that the Bible contradicts;" but at last she is obliged to sum up her beautiful conjectures in the words familiar to us all from infancy, "that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart conceived," etc., and that we shall be satisfied when we awake in his "likeness."

Thus pleasantly pass away the days—Aunt Winifred, whose feeble health assures her that she is nearing the Gates, content to await till the messenger calls, and Mary each day losing her selfish grief in her earnest desire to be about the Master's business.

The scene soon closes—Aunt Winifred's death now is touchingly beautiful, if we except the asking Mary for messages for Roy in heaven. Little Faith remains with Mary, and Mary closes her Journal, saying:

"We are waiting for the morning, little Faith and I—for the morning when the gates shall open. I, from my stiller watches, am not saddened by the music of Faith's life. I feel sure that her mother wishes it to be a cheery life. I feel sure that she is showing me who will have no motherhood, by which to show myself, how to help her little girl."

Turning from Gates Ajar, we find the other book I have mentioned, *Men, Women, and Ghosts*, to be very different; there is no theological creed to be inculcated, and we may sum up the distinguishing characteristics of this series of sketches as these—a keen insight into character, and a wonderfully vivid power of description.

A word as to our author's choice of characters; they are not those who wear fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, but they are generally those who tread the paths of toil—the every-day people whom one may everywhere meet in this working world; neither are they the impossible heroes or heroines we meet with in some novels, they have their frailties and imperfections; the path of self-sacrifice, even though they may tread it, does not always look inviting to their feet; the wife sometimes says a hasty word to him she loves, and the husband sometimes consults his own ease, when he should be thinking of her whom he has sworn to "love and cherish."

The women she sketches for us are none of them "strong-minded," in the offensive sense of that term. In *Men, Women, and Ghosts*, she gives us no decidedly intellectual character. Mrs. Forceythe reads theology, quotes Butler, Lauderdale, and many an almost forgotten worthy, yet she is satisfied to lead a humble life as a pastor's wife in an obscure Western town, accepting as her mission to doing all in her power to elevate the ignorant and degraded. After her husband's death, she is still satisfied with the mission of healing the broken-hearted.

If there is any objection to be made to her delineation of character, it is that she exercises her scalpel more keenly and criticises more severely the "lords of creation" than when she deals with her own sex. Let me give an example. She is speaking of woman's manner of compensating herself when she is somewhat disappointed in her husband's love:

"Women whose dream of marriage have faded a little have a way of transferring their

passionate devotion and content from husband to child. It is like anchoring in a harbor—a pleasant harbor, and one in which it is good to be; never at sea, and yet never at home. Whatever a woman's children may be to her, her husband should be always something beyond and more; forever crowned for her as first, dearest, best on a throne that neither son nor daughter can usurp. Through mistake or misery the throne may be left vacant or voiceless, but who cometh after the king?"

She goes on to trace the history of one of these wives, who has transferred the dearest and holiest of her affections to her children, and some of us will recognize the character among our acquaintances. We follow with interest the beautiful honeymoon—the walks by the beach, the pleasant drives, the evening chats with the young wife upon the husband's knee—then the life so changed after the advent of the first baby, the pleasant little walks and drives all given up, the seat upon the husband's knee vacated by the wife because of the heavy baby on her own; and our author grows indignant as she speaks of the ease with which the husband has accustomed himself "to his solitary drives and walks; to missing his wife's watching face at door or window; to sitting whole evenings by himself, while she sang to the fretful baby overhead in her sweet little tried voice; to forgetting that she might ever hunger for a twilight drive, a sunny sail, for the sparkle and the freshness, the dreaming, the petting, the caresses, all the silly little lover's habits of their early married days; to going his own way and letting her go hers."

As I read her indignant words, I feel like saying to Miss Phelps that she is mistaken in thinking he grew accustomed to the change with "ease;" but what is a man to do when his offers to hold baby are refused, when his efforts to read aloud are interrupted by baby's cries, when his invitations to walk or ride are invariably met by the reply that "baby can't be left," when his efforts to nurse baby at night are negatived by the mother, who, in the first flush of motherly devotion, prefers to do it herself?

However little I may justify this husband's subsequent conduct, I must beg for some pity for the man who, sitting below reading alone, finds some passage which he longs to communicate to her who sings to the baby in the nursery, and yet who knows his entrance there is vetoed, lest he should "wake baby."

If Miss Phelps's men and women are generally skillfully drawn, I can not say as much of her children; she has known little of children, or she has been very unfortunate in the

acquaintance she has formed among them. Her babies are generally uninteresting; they usually "cry all night;" her little girls are all hoydens; Faith, who is one of the most interesting characters, is unnatural. She is a bright, intelligent child of four years; and who of us can think of such a child with such a mother—a mother who would take her daughter in her lap and tell her the sweet story of the infant Jesus, and then imagine that she would give this answer to the following question:

"Faith, where did Jesus go when he fled from Herod?"

"Why, don't I know? to Europe—of course every body goes to Europe."

Miss Phelps's children are impulsive, honorable, scorning a lie, but with the young American go-a-headitiveness developed in its most exaggerated form; they talk slang, and they are deficient in that beautiful trait that some of us have learned to admire, reverence.

In conclusion, while I would advise no one to go to Miss Phelps for the formation of their theological opinions; while I would carefully remove her books from the hands of children; yet if any one needs rest and relaxation from graver studies, he may find it in these books. To furnish this relaxation is the proper mission of novels and romances, and, reader, when your ordinary life seems prosaic, you may meet in such sketches as this, your neighbors and friends somewhat idealized, and yet probably not more so than these people would appear to you, could you enlarge their actions and motives, as a writer may analyze the characters she depicts.

HYMN.

Look from the sphere of endless day,
O, God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray
Benighted in this land of light.
In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream and sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!
Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old—
A wandering flock—and bring them all
To the good Shepherd's peaceful fold.
Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart;
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.
Then all these wastes—a dreary scene—
On which, with sorrowing eyes, we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

PERSECUTIONS OF THE PAPAL CHURCH.

THE General Council now assembled in the city of Rome is called upon to decide weighty matters of ecclesiastical faith, and to settle important questions of Church authority. The subjects submitted for the discussion and vote of the venerable prelates composing the Council, aside from the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception, the Assumption of the Virgin, and Papal Infallibility, are chiefly those published in the latest Allocution and Syllabus of the Holy Father. The more important of these are embodied in the following propositions:

1. The Church has the right of employing external coercion; that is, she has direct and indirect temporal power as distinguished from spiritual, or, in ecclesiastical language, the power of civil and corporal punishment. The consequences of these doctrines are, that the Church has the right to imprison, hang, and burn, or, in other words, to revive the Inquisition, and that kings and magistrates may of right be forced by excommunication and its consequences to execute the sentences of the Pope.

2. The Popes can still depose kings at their will, and give away whole kingdoms and nations at their good pleasure. This right was frequently exercised in the Middle Ages, as when Martin IV placed King Pedro of Arragon under excommunication and interdict for making good his hereditary claim to Sicily, or when Pope Clement IV sold millions of Italians to Charles of Anjou, and declared that if the first payment were not promptly made he would be excommunicated, and if the second were neglected the whole nation would be deprived of sacraments and divine worship.

3. The existing views of the rights of conscience and religious faith and profession are wrong. The consequence of this proposition is, that it is wicked error to admit Protestants to equal political rights with Catholics, or to allow Protestant immigrants liberty of worship, and not only this, but it is a sacred duty to suppress and coerce them. Against this proposition, so long the rule of practice in the courts of Austria and Spain, as of the other Catholic governments of Europe, a strong reaction has of late years taken place, and the Pope desires the Council to establish it as an article of faith.

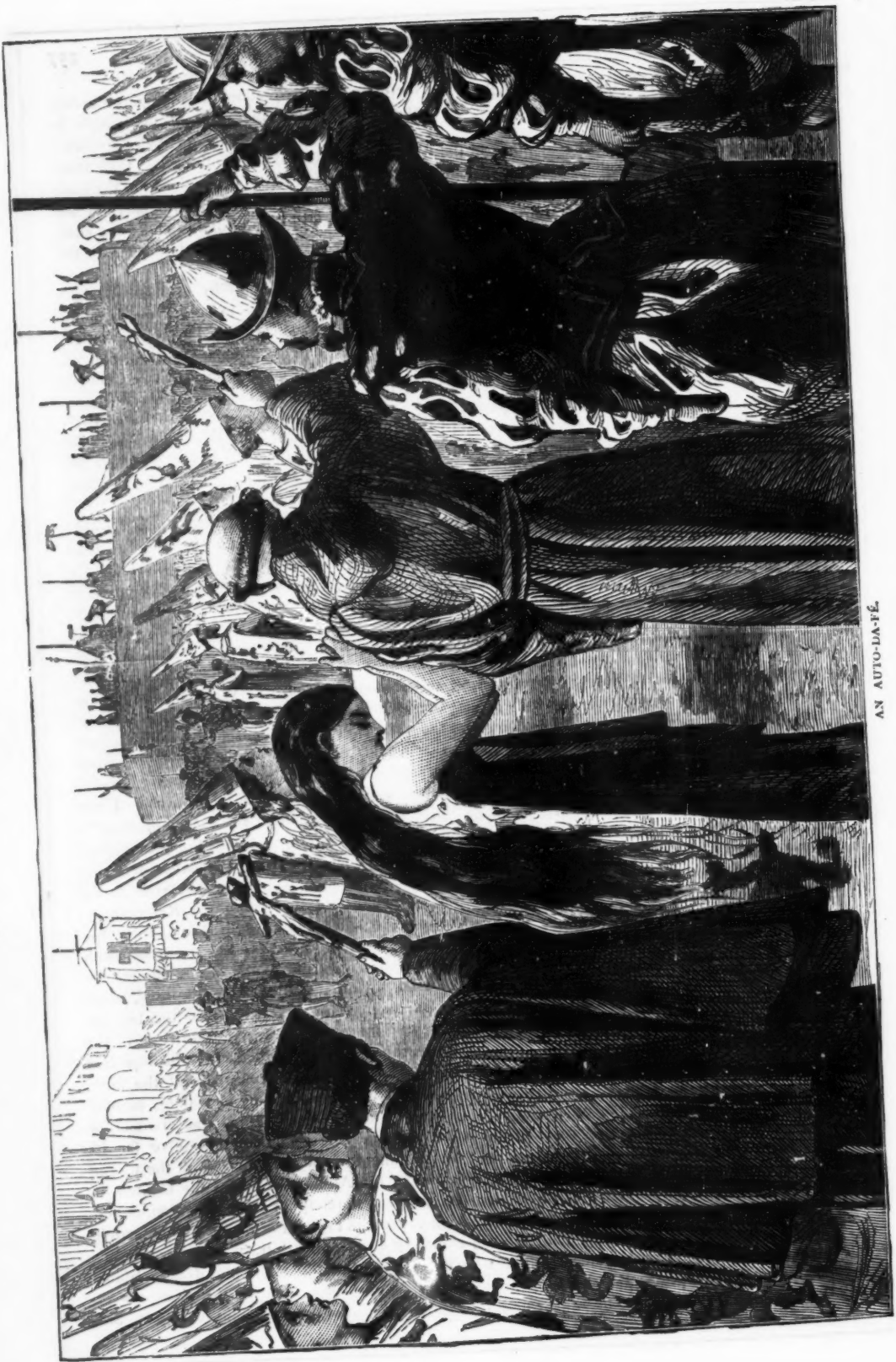
4. The concluding proposition of the Syllabus is, that "they are in damnable error who regard the reconciliation of the Pope with modern civilization as possible or desirable." Modern civilization is, in this view, Belial, and with it Christ can have no concord. The Pope can not

therefore tolerate freedom of worship, profession and teaching, nor the right of the people to govern themselves and execute their own laws. He will be satisfied with nothing less than absolute sovereignty. Free institutions are the bane of his supremacy, and the liberal party of the Church will find it impossible to make any compromise or come to any understanding with the favorers of absolutism.

The dogma of Infallibility once established, the consequence will be to coerce men's minds into submission to every Papal decree in matters not only of religion, but of morals, politics, education, and social science. Future Councils will be superfluous. Theology will no longer be a study. Partisans will discuss Papal decisions for or against any given doctrine; and amid conflicting pronouncements, for there are many such, the sincere inquirer will be at a loss what path to pursue.

Such dogmas, if decided by the Council, would turn back the hands on the dial-plate of time five centuries. As far as the power of the Church can go, the superstitions and ignorance of the Dark Ages would be revived, and with them the usages and laws of society and the domination and power of the priesthood. But what were the customs of the people and the authority of the clergy? What are the institutions which we might expect to be revived and the rule over men's consciences and actions that would be set up? What are the penalties for disobedience, and the methods of enforcing submission to the control of the Church? These have already been hinted at; but we propose to mention more at large a few of the practices of the Romish hierarchy in the extirpation of heresy and the punishment of obstinate heretics, in the ages immediately succeeding the Reformation.

In the earlier centuries of Christianity the only punishment for heresy was exclusion from the Church. As the power of the Church increased, other penalties were imposed, even death itself; but the holy office of the Inquisition was not established by authority until the thirteenth century. Heretofore the bishops had been acknowledged as guardians of the faith, and intrusted with the duty of making inquisition; but now a new tribunal was created for this purpose. The immediate motive for its establishment was the suppression of the alleged heresy of the Albigenses whom the Church, in her maternal anxiety for their salvation, undertook to reclaim or to exterminate. This terrible engine of cruel and arbitrary power was gradually introduced into all of the Italian States except Naples, into some of the provinces of France, and into the kingdoms of Spain and



AN AUTO-DA-FÉ.

Portugal; but all attempts of the Papal See to introduce it into England and the other European States were resolutely and successfully withstood.

The principal offices of this Court were called "Inquisitors of heretical pravity," and they held their sittings for the trial of heretics in a building known as the "Palace of the Inquisition." Their servants who executed their orders were called "familars." When any one was suspected of heresy, one of these familars was sent to seize him. This order was executed with such astonishing address and secrecy that the person was often missed without any one's knowing what had become of him. On being brought into the prison, the suspected heretic was first questioned by the inquisitor, and if he persisted in denying his heresy, his constancy was tried by the most horrid tortures. If he still refused to comply with the iniquitous demands of the inquisitors to confess whatever crimes they thought proper to charge him with, he was, after a proper interval, subjected to torture a second and a third time, each with more severity if possible than at the first. If, by these means, a confession was extorted, or if the accused was otherwise found guilty, his effects were

confiscated, he was condemned to be scourged, imprisoned for life, sent to the galleys, or put to death. In these punishments, neither age nor sex was spared. If death was the sentence, the execution was sometimes deferred for one or perhaps several years, that the sacrifice of a great number of delinquents might produce a more striking and salutary effect.

The wholesale executions of the Inquisition, being considered as a religious ceremony, were styled in Spain and Portugal Autos-da-fé, or Acts of Faith. They were celebrated in general on the accession of a king to the crown, or on occasion of his majority, of his marriage, or the birth of an heir-apparent. These horrid sights at last came to be regarded by the priest-ridden and superstitious inhabitants of those countries as a sort of public amusement. Executions on a smaller scale took place every year toward the conclusion of Lent, on the second Friday preceding Easter.

By day-break the tolling of the great bell of the Cathedral summoned the faithful to the horrid tragedy. Persons of the highest distinction eagerly offered their services to escort the victims; and grandes were often seen assuming the character of familars of the Inquisi-



THE CITY OF SEVILLE.

tion. The Dominicans, who were all servants of the court, with the standard of their execrable tribunal, opened the procession. The condemned walked barefoot, with a pointed cap on their heads, and dressed in a yellow frock with a cross on the breast and on the back, and covered with painted representations of the faces of fiends. The penitents, on whom some penance only was imposed, came first, and after the cross, which was borne behind them, followed such persons as were doomed to die. Priests and monks closed the procession. Passing through the principal streets of the city to the Cathedral, a sermon was preached, and their sentences read to the delinquents, each of them standing meanwhile, with an extinguished taper in his hand before a crucifix. A servant of the Inquisition then smote them on the breast with his hand, to signify that the tribunal had ceased to have any power over them. The condemned were then delivered up to an officer of the civil authority, and soon afterward conducted to the place of execution.

In no country of Christendom did the Inquisition acquire such unbounded power as in Spain. Though at first opposed by the bishops and clergy, the crafty Ferdinand and Isabella fostered it, perceiving what important aid they might derive from the employment of such an engine as the Inquisition in the execution of their ambition, arbitrary, and cruel plans. They had already made several successful attempts toward reducing the power of the feudal nobility, and investing the crown with absolute authority. It was calculated that, by means of this tribunal wholly dependent on the court, the Jews and the Mohammedans might be suppressed, the royal treasury replenished by the property of all delinquents which would devolve to it, and the power of the grandees and even of the clergy curbed. Accordingly, Cardinal Mendoza was supported in his efforts to establish the institution in Seville, which he succeeded in doing in the year 1481.

We can not follow the history of this terrible engine of the Papal Church to its final suppression in 1820. The historian of the tribunal, Llorente, states that in two hundred and thirty-six years the total number of persons in Spain put to death by the Inquisition was about 32,000, and of persons subjected to other punishments, 291,000. To show the frivolous nature of the charges, and the dreadful punishment meted out by the court to the accused, we introduce a few authentic cases.

A maid-servant of one of the jailers belonging to the Inquisition was accused of humanity, and detected in bidding the prisoners keep up

their spirits. For this heinous crime, as it was called, she was publicly whipped, banished from her native place for ten years, and branded on the forehead with these words: "A favorer and aider of heretics."

Francis Romanes, a native of Spain, was employed by the merchants of Antwerp to transact some business for them at Bremen. He had been educated in the Romish persuasion; but going one day into a Protestant church, he was struck with the truths which he heard, and, beginning to perceive the errors of Popery, he determined to search further into the matter. Perusing the sacred Scriptures and the writings of some Protestant divines, he perceived the error of the principles he had formerly embraced, and renounced the impositions of Popery for the doctrines of the Reformed Church, in which religion appeared in all its genuine purity. Resolving to think only of his eternal salvation, he studied religious truth more than trade, and purchased books rather than merchandise, convinced that the riches of the body are trifling when compared with those of the soul. He resigned his agency to the merchants of Antwerp, giving them an account at the same time of his conversion; and then, resolving to convert his parents, he went without delay to Spain for that purpose. But the Antwerp merchants writing to the Inquisitors, he was arrested, imprisoned for some time, and then condemned to the stake as a heretic.

Four Protestant women were seized at Seville, tortured, and afterward ordered for execution. On the way they began to sing psalms; but the officers, thinking that the words of the psalms reflected on themselves, put gags into their mouths to silence them. They were then burnt, and the houses where they resided were likewise demolished. A Protestant schoolmaster, of the name of Ferdinando, was apprehended, by order of the Inquisition, for instructing his pupils in the principles of Protestantism; and, after being severely tortured, was committed to the flames.

A Dr. Caçalla, his brother Francis, and sister Blanche, were burned at Valladolid for having spoken against the inquisitors. A gentlewoman with her two daughters and niece were apprehended at Seville, on account of their professing the Protestant religion. They were all put to the torture, and when that was over, one of the inquisitors sent for the youngest daughter, pretended to sympathize with her and pity her sufferings; then, binding himself with a solemn oath not to betray her, he said, "If you will disclose all to me I promise you I will procure the discharge of your mother, sister, cousin,



FOUR PROTESTANT WOMEN LED TO EXECUTION.

and yourself." Made confident by this oath, she revealed the whole of the tenets they professed, when the perjured wretch, instead of acting as he had sworn, immediately ordered her to be put to the rack, saying, "Now you have revealed so much, I will make you reveal more." On her refusal, however, to say any thing further, all the prisoners were sentenced to be burned, which sentence was executed at the next *Auto-da-Fé*.

It may be queried whether these forms of persecution can ever be revived. Perhaps not; but the spirit that dictated them still lives.

Every day we feel its power in our larger cities; in the multiplied schools, convents, hospitals, and institutions where only the Roman Catholic influence is felt, where only the Popish priesthood is admitted, and Papal instruction is given; in the hostility shown to our common schools, and our commonly received translation of the Bible; in the diligent seclusion of orphan children from Protestant families; in the confessional and the sacred rites of the Church; in the political ideas which prevail among the masses of their society, and in their ignorance of our American civilization and polity. We



VALLADOLID.

see it in the sensitiveness of their clergy and their editors to adverse criticism. In some places it is almost as much as a man's life is worth to announce a lecture on the corruptions of the Papal Church. Mobs, fierce and virulent, assault a man who dares to express his views in public about the Catholic faith; and this, too, in free-thinking and free-speaking America. The same spirit which destroys by mob violence Protestant asylums for colored orphans in New York city, which attacks a distributor of Bibles and tracts in Toledo, which pelts with rocks a minister who speaks of the abominations of the Modern Babylon in Columbus, which drags

through the streets of Chicago a priest who has abjured his mass and his penance, and adhered to the Protestant faith, that in towns where Catholics have the majority has compelled the teaching of the Romanist catechism in the public schools, that has imprisoned the Mădiai family in Italy or stolen a Jewish boy from the arms of his parents in Rome because a servant girl impiously baptized him, can still persecute, devour, and ravish—in this country, happily yet, without law, and, we trust, never with law. Against the repetition of such outrages the Protestant Churches must be united, watchful and resistant.

AN APRIL DAY.

SOMETIMES I sit in the quiet gray
 Of the slow-departing April day,
 And think what record it bears away,
 Away beyond the sunset bars,
 Beyond the silent, steadfast stars—
 What record of my growth, or lack
 To seize the hours that come not back—
 What gain from this day's beauty gone;
 What from its purple hour of dawn;
 What from its sunshine, soft and still,
 Sleeping on valley, lake, and hill.
 Do I know better what can mean
 These countless brave buds bursting green?
 Mean for my soul that daily sees
 Repeated miracles like these?
 My soul that wakes each morn from sleep
 To find how constant all things keep
 Their settled round—how morn and night
 Repeat their charms of sound and sight;
 To see how some unhindered Will
 Commands each power of nature still,
 Subjects all to some subtle law,
 So disconnecting force from flaw,
 That, ever in a fair design,
 Daily unfolds the plan divine—
 So that the sunshine never fails
 To brighten all earth's lowliest vales,
 So that no blot the morning mars,
 No night comes on without its stars;
 No ocean tides forget to flow,
 No stormy clouds to strew their snow.

Has this day brought me nothing whence
 My soul has gained a subtler sense
 To pierce the veil that falls between
 The earthly and the great unseen?
 Have not these bird-songs clear and low,
 The sunset's gold, the mellow glow
 Of cheerful noontide on the hill,
 Suggested something fairer still?
 Has not the violet, blooming sweet
 Beneath the tread of careless feet,
 Said something plain as any word
 That age or prophet ever heard?
 Has not the frail and fading flower,
 That bloomed and withered in an hour,
 No date beyond its passing breath,
 No lesson but its painless death?
 Ah, yes, if this, if this were all,
 If bird-songs perish where they fall,
 If sunsets fade and, fading, die,
 'T were vain to ask or wonder why,
 Of all our lives each fleeting day
 Hath such a changeful, fair array.
 But if each symbol hath some germ—
 Each glowing star, each creeping worm—
 Some germ of what, beyond our ken,
 Hath meaning and delight for men,
 Then well may all days teach us this,
 That God's good gifts we often miss
 By disregard of humble things—

Since every bird that, soaring, sings,
 Each weed beside the wayside path,
 Some hidden, heavenly meaning hath.
 Some message every stone and fern,
 If reverently we stoop to learn—
 Message which we shall better know
 When, at the summons sweet, we go
 Beyond the earthly gloom and glow,
 And see our life outside its pain,
 Beyond its losses and its gain,
 And read its puzzling problems plain.

R E S T.

THE silent stars that gleam above,
 The streamlet's quiet voice,
 The gentle winds that float along
 Like birds of air with faintest song,
 Say not, "Arise, rejoice."

But words they utter, pure and deep,
 That like immortal powers
 Uplift the soul from earthly cares,
 And waft it through celestial airs
 Sweet as the breath of flowers.

Of rest they whisper, rest unbroken,
 They tell of holy calm,
 And swift our earnest longings rise
 On wings that cleave the distant skies,
 For peace, a healing balm.

And sometimes nature's kindly grace,
 Soft-falling as the rain,
 Sinks gently on the mourning heart,
 To bid its bitter griefs depart,
 Dispelling all its pain.

For God can grant to lifeless things
 A transient rest to send;
 Though circled here by prison bars,
 A joy is lighter by the stars,
 A flow'et is a friend.

But nothing lent to earth or sky,
 Though wondrous fair and bright,
 May cause the spirit's purest glow,
 While all its lofty yearnings grow
 In being's fullest light.

O sad, o'erburdened one that say'st,
 "Give lasting peace to me,"
 To aid upon thy journey drear,
 A soft voice murmurs in thy ear,
 "My peace I leave with thee."

As up the rugged hill of life
 Our onward course we tread,
 From Calvary those clear, sweet tones
 Have power to check our sighs and moans,
 Till every pang hath fled.

The holy word a Savior speaks,
 Fills all the soul with rest,
 And close the blessed cross beside,
 With thought and feeling glorified,
 Our life is thrilled and blest.

SUNBEAM.

THE first time I saw Sunbeam, she was standing beside a turn-table, near one of the principal railway stations of Boston, in the full glare of the great lamp of a locomotive. It was Christmas Eve.

I have a passion for cars and engines, for railroads and depots, and almost every thing connected with them. This passion was developed very early in life, long before I had read of somebody who once held a spoon over the nose of a tea-kettle, or had heard George Stephenson's name lisped. I have a vivid recollection of being obliged to sit with the girls for more than an hour one morning in school, because I diversified the study of Emerson's Arithmetic by drawing pictures of locomotives with men's faces on my slate. I knew very little, in those days, of the scientific laws involved in the construction of an engine. There was time for that years afterward, when I studied philosophy at the academy, and drew upon the black-board a huge diagram, displaying all the machinery of the engine, the functions of whose every part I explained for the edification of the class and to my own complete satisfaction.

My interest in railroads and engines has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength. I am always elated at the prospect of a ride in the cars. I am thrilled at the sight of a train in motion, the excitement of a railroad station has a magic interest to me, and, above all, I admire a fine engine, its wondrous mechanism, its power and beauty, and can but fancy it a thing of life. In truth, this fancy it is which, more than all else besides, awakened and has fostered the fascinating interest which engines have to me. I am not a mechanical genius. I doubt whether I could construct a saw-horse which would not provoke the severe criticism and mirth of a proficient in saw-horse science. As to making clocks to go by water, as young Newton did, I never dreamed of the thing, much less did more than dream. My principal experience in the clock line, in fact, consisted in striking them *ad infinitum*, by pulling the wire "which hangs directly beneath the figure 7," as the printed directions express it, to call my sisters and kittens to Church, in winding the weights tightly up and pulling them down again, to serve as a grist-mill, and in smashing their glass doors with a hammer, for each of which illegal transactions I received my just dues, when the matter came before the full bench, at which my father presided.

When I walk through a great cotton factory, a paper-mill, or printing establishment, I look

at the intricate arrangement of levers, wheels, and bands, each so perfectly adapted to its place and use, and watch their accurate movements and the marvelous results with admiring curiosity; but I leave them with faint ideas of the whys and wherefores, and could no more fashion or suggest an improvement in the rudest machine than I could build a railroad to the moon, even with the assistance of the man who resides at the lunar end of the route.

And so my admiration of an engine is not the feeling of the mechanic, who critically inspects the mechanism and adjustments of the piston-rod, the driving-wheels, the pipes and valves—as the printer carefully notes the type, the paper, and the binding of a book, while we think only of the author's thoughts and little heed the clothes they wear. My regard for an engine is more a sympathy, a kind of fellow-feeling. I can not look upon one save as a thing of life and thought, a machine intelligent as well as powerful. I look at two engines standing side by side, the one inferior in construction and in power shining in gilt and scarlet, in every steel and brazen ornament, and wonder if his nobler neighbor, in plain coat, is moved with envy ever, or repines because the best engines, like the best men, are not always the most fortunate or most praised by the crowd. I sometimes feel a kind of pity for the fine engines confined forever to the making up of trains and all station drudgery, and think how often they must chafe under the restraint, longing to dash off a thousand miles across the continent, measuring themselves with their equals—like men of noble souls and brilliant talents, whose lives are circumscribed by adverse circumstances, whose light the world seems trying to crowd a bushel over, looking out, from their unmerited and unbecoming obscurity, upon the fortunate career of those lesser lights whom men call their betters.

When I cross the track in front of an engine at rest, I look up into its face, sometimes fancying I perceive a wicked look, and my heart flutters and I quicken my steps, thinking it may suddenly leap forward and destroy me. As I watch an engine, that has whirled a long train a hundred miles across the country, never tiring or staying, moving at last majestically into the station, while the bell rings and the flag-man waves a warning of danger to all who would dare to cross the path, I think I detect an appearance of self-satisfaction, a consciousness of power, a knowing that men look on in awe; and when, the labor done, it rests, steaming and panting, while hackmen clamor and passengers hasten, I feel almost inclined to pat its honest

sides and say, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

It chanced that when I first came to Boston to live, some years ago, a young man as poor and as ambitious as I am now, I secured a boarding-place in an out-of-the-way street near one of the principal railway stations of the city. I had few friends in the city then, and considerable leisure time when business duties were over; and many an hour I spent about this station, watching the arrival and departure of trains and all the maneuvers of engines, peeping into the engine-house with its circle of giants, and in conversation with the more intelligent and pleasant workmen.

It was on Thanksgiving-day, three years ago. I was going to church at eleven o'clock, and out of town after the service, and the morning hung heavy on my hands. To while away an hour I wandered over to the railroad, and soon became interested in the movements of a locomotive. Suddenly, moved by a kind of magnetism, whose power I think you have all felt, I turned directly about, and my eyes met those of an elderly, pleasant-faced man whom I had often seen in my visits to the railroad, and whom I rightly ranked as an assistant station-agent. He immediately stepped forward and said, "I beg your pardon, sir, for so rude a stare. I was thinking that you look very much as my son did at your age."

"Indeed!" I said, and added, smiling at what I thought the very facetious remark, "He must have been a fine-looking fellow."

"He was," said the man in a subdued tone, which convinced me that levity was out of place. There was a momentary silence, during which I was painfully conscious of his gaze being riveted upon me, and which he at length broke with the question, "You have not lived in the city long?"

"No, sir," I replied, though his words were spoken in a tone of assurance, which hardly made an answer necessary, and he continued:

"I came to Boston when I was about your age. I little thought then that I should be employed at a railway station now. But one can't tell. The time was when I was well satisfied that the White House lay in my path, and that my whole life was to be made up of high honors and great deeds. I came from Berkshire county, and I used to dream these bright dreams while I was raking hay and digging potatoes on my father's farm. But we were poor, and my parents died when I was very young, and I was thrown on to the world early in life, to look out for myself; and my dreams have been giving away to stern realities more and more ever

since. Like too many country boys, I determined to seek my fortune in the city, and found myself in Boston one morning, with twenty dollars in my pocket, looking for a situation. But greater men than I have begun in worse plight, and I was full of hope and courage. How times have changed! I can hardly realize that this is the same town in which I landed forty years ago. There were no railroads in those days, and I remember traveling part of the route on a stage-coach, which was so full that I was obliged to sit on the seat with the driver. He was a frank, pleasant fellow, and we talked together all the way. I then thought that my prospects for the future were decidedly the brightest; but that man to-day is President of this very railroad, and I am what you see me." And so the man continued, gathering confidence and freedom, and told me the whole story of his life—his struggles for a situation, the trials and triumphs of his clerkship, his successes and failures in business, all the ups and downs of life—and there were far more downs than ups, for he had been what the world calls an unlucky man, and had had a large share of life's sorrows and disappointments. In 1860, after having been for some time unemployed, he secured the situation at the station, which he still held, and was living with his only son, who had been a noble boy and was a successful business man, the one joy and pride of his father's heart. "But in '61," said the man, with a trembling voice, "the war fever got strongly hold of George, and he could n't stay. He left his business and went South as captain of a company. Well, two months after he left us, he was brought home dead. He was killed, shot in the breast, at Bull Run. But that was not all. George's wife had been very sick, and she did not rally from the news of his death, but followed him a few days after. We buried them in one grave at Forest Hills, and, as I rode home, I felt that I left behind me all for which I cared to live; I was alone in the world. But God has been good to me, and I have much to live for.

"I continued to live in George's house for a time alone. It may have been two months after his death that we found on the door-steps one morning a little girl, not more than a year old, sweetly sleeping in a basket, and with her a note from the mother, stating her great poverty and utter inability to support the child. Her father had been killed at Bull Run, the letter said, and the heart-broken mother prayed those into whose hands she might fall to deal with her tenderly.

"At another time I should have sent her to

the orphan's home or somewhere else, but I felt then that God had a great purpose in sending her to me. I hired a nurse to care for her, and in a measure forgot my troubles in my care and love for her. She grew more lovely every day, and is never so happy as when with me. I call her Nell, and often think how much we are like the old man and the child whose story Dickens tells. Thoughts of her cheer my day's work, and being with her is my only joy. I love to think that her father was shot while trying to help George off the field, or as he stayed to give him a cup of water to cool his dying lips, and that I am rewarding the good deed.

"Two years ago I sold the house and hired rooms in L— Place, near here, where we now live. Nell is six years old and more now, and the prettiest child in Boston. Every body loves her, and she loves every body. She always comes to lead me home to dinner and at night, and we spend the evenings together, and I become a boy again for her sake. Now, young man, I never saw you before, but you look as George did, and I feel better that I have told you this. You may think the invitation a bold one, but I wish you would come and see us. You would love Nell, and we are all alone, and she would be pleased."

The great clock was striking twelve as I reached the old South Church on my way to the cars. The service was not over, and I could not forbear to step inside. The minister's eye fell upon me as I entered, and he closed his sermon with these words: "And let us not fail to be thankful for the sorrows and the loneliness which we know not and have not known. Could we but read, on this glad day, the secrets of many hearts about us, how sad would be the story, and how full of bitterness and disappointment! Grateful let us be for hearts not dried or chilled by great griefs, for high hopes, for friends to love; nor forget to ask his blessing on these afflicted ones, that the joys left to them may be made great, and that in all things they may see his hand." And, as I walked on, I thought the words were meant for me, and formed a fitting close to the sermon I had heard.

A pleasant afternoon I spent, and a merry evening; but it was not thoughts of those glad hours that kept me awake long that night. I was thinking of the man at the railway station and of little Nell.

It was Christmas eve, and I was waiting at the station for my sister. It was snowing. The train was late, and I was very impatient,

for I had arranged to attend a grand concert that evening, and had little time to spare. I walked about the depot for a long time, and then, to vary the monotony, walked along the railroad to the curve, from which I could see a long way up the track, but did not see the train. Some men were turning an engine at a turn-table, near by, and I walked across to kill a few minutes in watching the operation. A little way in front of the engine, and in the bright light of the great lamp, was a little girl. She was gayly dressed, and had long curls, and a sweet, roguish face, and I thought I had never seen so pretty a child. She was dancing and shuffling her feet in the snow, and trying to catch the falling flakes upon her tongue and with her hands; and when her tongue was not too busy, she sang snatches of,

"I want to be an angel."

I stooped down beside her and kissed her and pulled her nose. She was not frightened at all, but laughed merrily in my face.

"I am afraid you *will* be an angel before you think of it, if you play on the railroad," I said. "Does your mother know you are here?"

She laughed and pulled my nose in turn, as she said that she had no mother, nobody but grandpa, and that she was n't afraid of the cars, for they would n't run over her, and she did n't walk on the track.

"And what is your name?" I asked.

"My name is Nell," she said, "but grandpa calls me Sunbeam." And I did n't think the name the less pretty or less sentimental because it has been borne by so many little earthly angels.

"Yes," said a voice at my side—and two strong arms caught the child and tossed her in the air—"I call her Sunbeam, and so she is—a sunbeam that drives away all the clouds that hang about me, and makes a happy Summer of my life, which else would be all Winter"—and my acquaintance of the previous Thanksgiving shook me warmly by the hand. He expected to have seen me at his house before then, he said, and Nell had expected me too, for he told her about our meeting. I told them I should surely come and see them soon. The man was pleased, and Nell said she wished I would, for she thought I was a *beautiful* man. She urged me to come on the next day, for she was "going to hang up her stocking, and would give me some." The train was now in sight; so I kissed the child and said, "Good-night;" and the happy man tossed her upon his shoulder, and so they went home.

I did not forget them or my promise; in truth I anticipated much pleasure from the visit, and found myself thinking of Nell and her grandfather very often. I have seldom passed an evening more pleasantly than that of my first visit to them. Their rooms were very pleasant and nicely furnished, and there was a cheerful fire in the grate. Mr. S. showed me portraits of his wife and of George, and told me more about them and about himself. Nell sang to us, and read and told me many wonderful stories. She then demanded some stories from me; so I told her about Silver-hair and Chicken Little, and the Rat that lost his Tail; but she had heard them all before, for she exchanged knowing looks with her grandfather as I commenced them, and corrected me several times when I related events a little out of their proper order. She told me that she was going to have a piano the next Summer, and take lessons; she showed me her own room and her dolls. There was quite a family of them, and some very handsome ones; but her favorite was a rag doll, which she made herself, and whose name she said was Grace, though I thought it deserved the name least of any. We had nuts and fruit, and Sunbeam's eyelids never grew heavy, though I stayed quite late. She kissed me again and again when she said "Good-night," and I left them, promising to come again, and feeling as though I had known them all my life.

I visited them quite frequently after that, and Nell grew to like me, she said, almost as well as grandpa. She had a piano the next Summer, to her great delight, and soon became a wonderful performer for a child of her years. At school she was always at the head of her class, and she took great pleasure in showing me her rewards of merit. Frequently, when passing my store, she came in to see me, and all the clerks would watch her admiringly, wishing, I fancy, that they had as pretty a little visitor themselves. I often wondered at the strange circumstances which had brought the currents of our lives together; but, as for that, what strange series of events, I had almost said accidents, establish our relations with all our friends; without knowing whom our very existence would seem incomplete!

Florence Dixon is one of the best girls that I know; she is sometimes a little cross in the morning, when she has sat up after half-past nine the evening before; and, when she was younger than she is now, she used to have severe attacks of hydrophobia nearly every morning. Once, I remember, when Charles

was playing that he was a surgeon in the hospital, he extended his practice so far as to cut off Dora's head—Dora was a doll—for which maltreatment Florence, with every appearance of anger, threw the Bible at his head, and followed up the attack with the body of the luckless patient. And once she held her kitten's tail in the flame of the gas until the fur was all burnt off the end, and pussy scratched and screamed terribly. Florence cried afterward, when she considered the cruelty of the act, and so she always feels sorry for her wrong doings, which are not many.

I was at her house one evening in the Summer of 1868, and she was scolding me severely for not attending the closing exercises of her school, a few days before, to see her *show off*.

"But how did it happen," I asked, "that you did not win the first prize?"

"Perhaps I did. You do n't know. Do n't you tell, mother," and she looked very wise and shy.

"You can't deceive me, for I know all about it," I said.

"I do n't believe it," she rejoined, frankly. "Tell me who took the first prize."

"Is the first letter of her name N.?" I asked, holding her face close to mine; and she laughed wildly.

"Yes, Nellie S. took the prize, and I am glad, and Susie Bowen says she is glad, and every body is glad, I guess, for she is the best girl in our school, and the prettiest, and she has n't got no mother, and she is the best scholar. You would be astonished"—and Florence seemed very well satisfied with this close of her eulogy.

"But how did you know about it?"

I did not tell her.

I was going to dinner one day, and saw Nell looking at some birds in a shop window. I stepped up carefully behind her and pulled her curls. She laughed merrily as she recognized me, and told me how much she admired the birds, and that she wished she had one; and she said it with such a glance that I knew she meant me to understand what her next present must be. I resolved that she should have a canary on her birthday, but I did not tell her. I asked her if she would go with me and have her picture taken? She was delighted at the idea, and we went to a photographer's, a little way off, and placed ourselves before the camera. She sat in my lap, with her cloak on and her curls floating in wild confusion over her shoulders, while I had one arm about her neck, and held her hat in my other hand, and my head

was inclined forward, and she was looking up into my face. She went into the gallery with so little forethought and preparation, without study of costume or position, that the pictures were all the better for it—they were, indeed, perfect—catching that sweet, bewitching smile, by which we all remember her.

I was out of town on business for several weeks last Summer, and soon after my return I went to New Hampshire to spend my vacation. It was in August, and I had seen neither Mr. S. nor Nell since late in June. I passed vacation in the same town where I was born, and which I think the pleasantest town in the whole country. I visited again the Academy where my brain had often been vexed over knotty problems in Algebra, and hard things in Analysis, the old Town-hall, where I used to speak in Lyceums and perform at Exhibitions, the little store in which I began my mercantile life, the hill-side where my mother sleeps, the old house where I passed my childhood, and I should have visited the house where I was born, but it was pulled down several years ago. On the last day of my visit we had a picnic in the grove by the pond. We had dinner and supper there, we played croquet, we sailed on the pond, and I caught a fish that was nearly as long as my arm, and weighed, I will not say how much. Toward night the whole sky was darkened by thick clouds, and it began to rain. But we were obliged to ride twelve miles that evening to W., where I was to take the cars for Boston on the next day. So we fixed ourselves in the big wagon as nicely as we could, covered ourselves with coats, and cloaks, and shawls, and robes, spread the umbrellas, and started, though we came near being tipped over the bank into the pond before we got out of the grove. There were fifteen of us, and we had a merry time, though it rained very hard all the way, and we were thoroughly drenched when we reached W., which was not until after nine o'clock. There was one of the party, however, who did not get at all wet, and that was Florence—not Florence Dixon, but another Florence, as young and as good, and as pretty. She sat between my knees on a stool in the bottom of the wagon, with a water-proof cloak wrapped all about her, and a thick blanket over us both; and she kept telling me that she was n't wet a bit, and would like to ride so all night. And as I looked down into her sweet face I thought of Florence Dixon, and then I thought of little Nell.

There were so many of us that I had to sleep that night in a back chamber, where I could hear the rain patter on the roof. I lay awake a

long time, and I thought of Nell and of another Sunbeam that once shone on me, and now shines in heaven. But at last my eyelids grew very heavy, and then the beating of the rain drops changed to the tinkling of sleigh-bells, and it was Christmas-day, and I stood before a great church, and the bells in the tower were chiming notes of gladness and of praise. I entered the church with the great congregation. Wreaths of evergreen encircled the columns and festooned all the arches and the windows. The richly colored glass tinted and mellowed the bright rays of the sun, and the whole scene was of almost heavenly beauty. The triumphant strains of the organ resounded through the church, and the choir sang the sublime chorus, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." The service commenced, and the whole assembly joined in prayer and praise. The *Venite* was sung, and the *Te Deum*, and, for a moment, all was still. It was only for a moment, and then, away back in the church, we heard the sweet, fresh voices of children, and they passed up the broad aisle in long procession, singing joyous Christmas carols. They were dressed in white, with wreaths of evergreen upon their heads, and flowers in their hands; and, as each passed, I was surprised to recognize the face of some little friends of my own. All were there—Eva, and Alice, and Mary, and Florence, and some whom I shall not see again here; and foremost, most joyous and most beautiful, was little Nell. When they all stood in the chancel she was the center of the group, and the soft tinted light fell upon her face. But, suddenly, as I looked she was not there. I raised my eyes to the image of our Savior painted on the chancel window. It was all aglow with light, and life, and love, and little Nell was in his arms. I saw no more; but the voices of the children and the music of the choir rose softly together, and I heard the words, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and we all replied, Amen. I was calmly lying on my pillow, and my eyes were open, but I did not know when I awoke. I looked up through the skylight, and the stars were shining brightly, but in the morning the sky was clouded.

Why was I unhappy all the next day, during that long ride in the cars? Was it because my heart whispered that Sunbeam was happier than ever here?

It was quite late in the afternoon when I arrived in the city. After tea I strolled across the common to note the changes which had taken place during my absence, and happy to be again among the old familiar scenes. I was

sitting on a settee, under one of the great elms, where the gentle breeze played about my heated forehead, when I noticed a man crossing the path just at my right, his eyes bent on the ground, and I saw at once that it was my friend of the railway station. I hastened to him, trembling with a fear which his appearance increased, and softly laid my hand upon his arm, at the same time addressing him,

"Mr. S., how do you do?"

He grasped my hand and burst into tears. He could not speak for a moment, and then he only said—and, almost involuntarily, I repeated the words with him—"Nell is dead." She was sick but a week, and suffered little. She asked for me many times, and, when told at last she would not see me again, begged that her bird might be given back to me, that when it sang I should think of her.

The next day—it was the Sabbath—I saw her in the coffin, and those words, written of another Nell, came to my mind, and I seem to hear them now: "No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life, not one who had lived and suffered death." In the afternoon I rode in the carriage with Mr. S. to Forest Hills, and there we left her, with the flowers and the birds, and the bright sunbeams above her.

One of my best friends is an artist. I told him this sad story one evening, and gave him a picture of little Nell. I was in his studio several weeks later, and he said he had just completed a beautiful portrait. He raised the cloth which covered it, as it stood upon his easel, and I cried aloud in surprise, for it was Nell. He had transferred the photograph to canvas. But it was not my arm that encircled her neck, or my eyes that looked down into hers, but those of her grandfather. We carried the portrait together, one evening, to Mr. S., and it hangs over her piano.

"Do you see that man with a gray beard, in a black coat, leaning against the switch?" I asked of a friend who occupied the seat before me, as we were moving away from the station the evening before Thanksgiving. "The first time I saw him he was standing in that same place. It was on Thanksgiving-day, three years ago. He told me the story of his life, and it was a sad one. He had but one treasure left then, one tie that bound him to earth and made life pleasant. It was a little girl, a *protégé* of his, and the prettiest child I ever saw. She died

this last Summer, and that man's life is now a blank. His only happy thoughts are thoughts of death, which shall reunite him with those he loved."

Nell's bird, which I call Sunbeam for her sake, hangs in his cage above my head, and is singing loudly as I write; and his sweet, plaintive notes it is that have inspired me to tell you this story of her to whose memory I often fancy he is singing.

TASTE AND DRESS.

TASTE is defined by Dr. Good, in the third part of his "Book of Nature," to be that "faculty which selects and relishes such combinations of ideas as produce genuine beauty and rejects the contrary."

Now, created material forms are certain ideas bodied and shaped into visibility and tangibility; so, then, the word ideas, in our selected definition, really includes forms as well as ideas. Thus amplified the definition is correct, and will read thus: "Taste is that faculty which selects and relishes such combinations of ideas 'and forms' as produce genuine beauty, and rejects the contrary."

The canons of good taste in dress, as implied in the teachings of the Bible, are simplicity and appropriateness; an eschewing of multiplex combinations and loud contrasts, and endeavoring to effect a chaste harmony between the dress and the wearer.

People are similar and yet dissimilar. A similarity in the generals, and a dissimilarity in the particulars of dress, is proper. But an individual should be as unique in his dress as in his personality. The clothing should seem a subordinate yet harmonious part of self. Our Creator has given each of us an individuality. We are known by our diversity. Then how weak it is to be ever trying to conform to a certain common copy, periodically dictated by fashion, which is notably unstable, ever varying, and subject to the caprice of that most capricious thing—a worldly woman's heart.

True principles abide, ever unchangeable. Truth is not full of variableness and endless tergiversations like fashion is. If every one dressed according to truth, that is, true laws of taste, fashion would no longer be arbitrary, factitious, fickle; indeed, there would be no "fashion" any longer, but each would find the mode that best suited her type of beauty. I say beauty, for God has made no one utterly ugly. Repulsiveness is self-acquired. The soul fashions the face, and directs the demeanor. Dress

is merely an adjunct, and should be kept in its subordinate and proper place.

Truthful, natural forms, and complexions, and hair, do not change every month or two. Very grotesque, monstrosities people would make of themselves, if they could, by taking thought, add a cubit to their stature, change the size of feet and hands, alter noses, mend a mouth, and reform and mold at will whatever might not suit their changeable fancy. The empress of the mode could, in that case, send out her decree concerning noses, commanding that they be now worn very snub, with a celestial tendency, or very much Roman, with a slight Grecian finish, etc. Waists are somewhat plastic, and have been manipulated according to the wasp-model; but other members are uncompromising in their fixedness, if we except feet, which may be squeezed out of shape and have their revenge.

While we should be thankful that bad fashions must stop somewhere, we need not advocate a tenacious adherence to one mode always, a sort of old fogysm in dress. People may grow wiser; may educate their taste; may learn more fully that "more excellent way"—that charity that "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own;" or health, or age may demand a change. Dress is partly man's device. The Lord helped him a little at first—Gen. iii, 21—then left him to contrive his own garments. Civilized nations are constantly adding new inventions in regard to details. The good should be received, the worthless rejected.

This is a world to labor in, not to show off in; a workshop, not a stage. Therefore, the first thing to be considered in dress is utility, not adornment; beauty must be subordinate; where use conflicts with prettiness, then prettiness must yield. But there is a higher subtle beauty in usefulness, and so the uncomely has "more abundant comeliness." Yet it is not true that a thing is useful in proportion to its ugliness. Pure taste will leave truest lines of beauty on every thing it touches, even though they be lines of sturdiest strength. That which is fit and congruent is beautiful. A jewel of gold in a swine's snout is not pretty, and a fair woman without discretion in dress, as well as behavior, is marred, and is repulsive, no matter how costly or gorgeous her apparel.

Very few dress from a sure conviction that their garments are suitable for themselves individually. Many dress in an unseemly way just because others think it is becoming; that is, because it is the fashion. There is no reason why we should make such grotesquely ineffectual attempts to efface the stamp of individuality

divinely given to each of us. The tall and the short, the stout and the slim, the fair-haired and dark-haired,

"With this sort and that sort,
The lean and the fat sort,"

all seem to think that fashion is infallible, when it sends out its modish bull from the Parisian Vatican. This shows we are childish, dwarfish, almost imbecile in our ideas of beauty and taste in dress.

Some one has said that a person dressed unfashionably excites our sense of mirth by reason of his incongruous appearance. But greater, absurder, more outlandish incongruities are committed daily in the name of fashion. Who cares for the laugh then? The present style of wearing the hair is a notable instance of bad taste. Tightly drawn up from the neck and base of the head, making exposures and revelations better hid, it is tied in a big bunch not far from the crown. Thus worn woman's hair, meant for a glory and a covering, becomes a shame and exponent of vanity. Elaborate and complicate arrangement of the hair, and the ornate, exuberant, redundant trifles comprehensively called trimmings, are at variance with the spirit of pure Christianity, are a "needless self-indulgence" instead of self-denial.

Doubtless, to very many sincere young disciples of Christ, this question of dress is a stumbling-block not easily gotten over. They ponder it long with painful care, read about it, and, it may be, pray over it. They look to see how others professing godliness are dressed, and seeing, too often, that these use "liberty for an occasion to the flesh," they conclude that "times have changed," and that the strait principles and strict precepts of St. Paul and St. Peter have been interpreted on "liberal" principles to suit the present enlightened age. So the world, to a great extent, overcomes; they dress about as they like, quietly ignoring apostolic precepts as well as "general rules."

The Bible is not a "milliner's guide" any more than a "cook-book." Specific rules, minute regulations are not given. The writing of the living, ever-present Spirit on the fleshly tables of the heart is better than that graven on cold tables of stone. No mere man has a right to dictate in this matter. This is what fashion has been ever trying to do and does. The Spirit of God must guide, and not the spirit of the world. Let none call it a little thing. Nothing is unimportant which can allure the heart, the fountain of human actions.

Costliness in dress is a manifestation of a coarse, lumpish pride. Carlyle says that the meanest of all kinds of pride is purse pride. It

shows a lack of delicate feeling, of loving sympathy, of Christian love, to enter the house of Him who is no respecter of persons, and sit in costly array beside a poorer sister clothed cheaply in common-priced stuff and last year's bonnet. It is more and worse than bad taste; it is a manifestation of insensibility bordering on cruelty; wanton humiliation to the weary, hard-working one—a slight, may be, but still a complacent exaltation of the goodly appareled one. If the poorer sister be weak in the faith she may be offended, caused to stumble. O, for the sake of making a show of worldly wealth, destroy not thy sister for whom Christ died! But to the Christian this question is not a soft, broad, shifting question of taste, but the firm, strait, abiding way of God's commandment.

The Holy Spirit can lead into all truth. The true disciple of Christ Jesus soon learns real refinement and gentleness, not mere gentility. Not the narrow politeness—from *πῶλις*, polis, a city—of the world's prurient cities, nor the etiquette of earthly courts of royalty, but the broad charity that springs from a loving heart well schooled in the teaching and example of Christ, and so fitted for the celestial courts of the King of kings, the glorious, eternal "city of our God." Time is short, eternity is long. What signifies the world's pomp, the vain show of this earth-life!

"FOR WEAL AND FOR WOE."

"SEE here, Aunt Josephine, is it expected married people are to drink cream and taste no buttermilk all the days of their life?"

"What a question, child!"

Aunt Josephine laid down the paper she had been reading, and looked over her spectacles in vague wonder at her niece. Though accustomed to Esther's strange queries and out-of-the-way notions, she was always being startled by some which she termed "even more than ordinarily ridiculous."

"I tell you what it is, auntie, I'm thoroughly tired of all this magazine nonsense. The sum and substance of the advice given to wives is: 'Meet your husbands with smiling faces, and do not add to their burdens by a recital of all the little worries you have had during the day;' and to husbands, 'Leave your business cares behind you, and bring cheerful brows to your homes.' Faugh! When I married Harry I thought it was to be for woe as well as weal—go thou there till thou canst teach better wisdom!"—addressing the luckless magazine, and burying it in her huge work-basket, and fishing

out from the same mysterious depths some light crocheting which might employ her fingers and permit her to carry on the conversation.

"Of course, Esther, sorrow as well as joy is to be your *joint* property"—imitating her example and taking up her knitting.

"And the little *worries* too! My husband and I are to help each other drive away the gnats and mosquitoes, as well as the big beasts of prey. If I come into the cool sitting-room, where Harry is napping so nicely on the sofa, and find an ugly blue-bottle fly on his nose, which would indubitably waken him, am I not, in the character of amiable spouse, to chase it off? Now, just so, when Harry comes home and finds me all in a worry because Bridget has burned the bread and thrown out my sirup, which I had been carefully collecting for weeks, and smashed things generally because I was going to have company, is not he to sympathize with me, and help chase away the trouble by sharing it?"

"That may be, to some extent, Esther; but if husbands encouraged this, in some wives, the *entire bill of fare* would be a list of grievances, and you must acknowledge the patience of the most amiable man would be exhausted if he were never treated to any thing else."

"It is to be presumed, Aunt Josephine, that the woman of straw we have under consideration has *good sense*. If she has not her husband should not have married her; and having married her he should submit patiently to his fate as a penalty for want of judgment—a woman with average sense and love for her husband will not want to make his life a burden. Arranged as American domestic affairs are now, she will have troubles innumerable within her domestic kingdom; and it is a pretty hard fate if she has to bear these all alone, and say nothing to 'dear Will' or 'Harry,' but rub the creases out of her brow, and send off the flush obtained by kitchen stews with a plentiful application of cold water, and so come out to the beloved one with face serene as the silver moon, when all the while these petty troubles are eating away at her heart, and she will have to pay the penalty in a nervous headache, and lie in a darkened room for a day or two, with that terrible pain throbbing along her veins and hammering away at her temples, till she feels as if every blow would be her last—when, I say"—pausing to take breath—"all this might have been prevented by easing herself of half her troubles through the channel of a sympathetic ear. I tell Harry every worry I have; if my Sunday shoes pinch my feet and give me corns he has to know it, and if Bridget gets on the rampage

and breaks my China, to him I go for advice, and after I get through my story I feel a great deal better, and mayhap can sing a little; otherwise I would have rolled my trouble over alone until it grew so heavy in trying to lift it I would have sprained my back and been laid on it for full two days."

Aunt Josephine laid down her knitting and laughed. "However false your logic you put it so queerly that you get one all tangled in a maze. I hardly know whether you are right or wrong; but if it is the vexed question of 'help' you have hidden under all this rubbish, I really do n't know how to help you. Men have brought their wisdom and women their experience, and it remains about *statu quo*. For my part I have long eschewed the whole race of domestics—Irish, Dutch, and colored—and by doing my own work in my own way find that perfect comfort that can never be met where you delegate your domestic affairs to others."

"That is very well for you, auntie, who never had a day's serious illness in your life. You are one of those well-preserved specimens of the olden time which, here and there, serve as a standing rebuke to our deteriorated generation. Still the fact stands the same; we are deteriorated; we may have brought it on ourselves; if we had not courted luxury and ease we might have been healthier and happier; but to upbraid us with this does not help the matter any. Here we are, and what is to be done with us? We have lamentably fallen from the sturdy physique of our English and Dutch ancestry; but, *having* fallen, must we lie helplessly in this ditch until we breathe our last? I for one am not in favor of dying, but would take to the 'Chinese,' 'co-partnership,' any thing to help me on my feet and keep the breath of life and domestic happiness in me. I should like to do my own work—and, thanks to a sensible mother and some credit to myself, too, I *know how*, from washing the weekly linen and cooking a company dinner, or one '*en famille*,' down through all the minutiae of scouring, pickling, and preserving—but I *can't*, and there's an end on it. Every attempt resolves itself—after a few weeks, if I hold out that long—into a dark room, physician's carriage, and, what is worse, his *bill*, and a protestation from Harry never, never to try it again—'just try to *live* and let domestic offices alone.' Be assured, the first time I toddle out of that chamber it is as a very sober and repentant woman. 'Things may go; I'll not worry if they are *not* to my mind;' which lasts till I have three grains of strength—enough to get to the cellar and collect the multitudinous odds and ends Bridget has allowed

to accumulate and half spoil. Through with my investigations there—and what housekeeper does not want to make her husband's income go as far as possible?—I come up and have, perhaps, a chill, and a cry, too, thrown in gratis."

"Well, child, I do n't wonder. If I could not do my own work I should worry more than you do. To see things wasted, and all the domestic gates off their hinges, would pretty nearly land me in yonder lunatic asylum. For weak mortals like you, 'with spines in their backs,' as my neighbor expresses it, I do n't see much hope, unless from 'co-partnership,' and that is yet to be tried. I very much doubt if it will secure the home comforts its advocates so enchantingly portray. Many a husband's mouth, I fear, would water for his wife's delicate cookery. Still, let it be tried. I do not belong to that class of old fogies who would have no modern innovations for fear of stepping outside the old paths."

"No, you are a very sensible and dear auntie, and if I was half as hale I'd set Bridget at defiance, and have a grand gala day at my work, year in and year out. But there comes Harry; some man has button-holed him on the corner, and I'm really glad, for I know Bridget has n't dinner ready." And the little lady was out of the room and down stairs before Aunt Josephine could get breath to reply.

Fifteen minutes after Harry opened the front door, and the dinner-bell rang simultaneously, and Aunt Josephine coming down stairs heard her lively niece chatting in Harry's ear—

"When I first saw you coming there was n't a sign of dinner. I had given Bridget her orders three hours ago, but she chose to step across the way and waste her time, till it kept her all the morning to get her work done; so I just mixed some flannel cakes, and set her to baking them, while I set the table and washed some berries. Now ain't I smart, and do n't you wish Bridget was in Cork?"

"Not till she gets those cakes baked; but I shall certainly import you a Chinese, and see if we can't have a different state of things."

"I fear," said Aunt Josephine, when they were fairly seated at the dinner-table, eagerly discussing Esther's flannel cakes, "the Chinese will not solve this riddle. They may for awhile elbow Bridget off the stage, but let them have said stage all to themselves, and they will likely become as tyrannical as Bridget is now."

"If that be the case I'll try and put up with Bridget awhile longer, unless I find she is wearing my temper to such a rough edge that Harry can not live with me any more."

There was such an earnest look of deprecation in Harry's eyes at this that Aunt Josephine laughed.

"Ah! I see you have not got over that old delusion of thinking your wife perfect."

"How can I, auntie, when I see new beauties in her every day?"

He sauntered to the library, and Aunt Josephine went to her room. As for Esther, she had for some time been lost in that wonderful hub of Bridget's—the kitchen, which she also found a hubbub, for the frying-pan, iron though it was, was not proof against Bridget's destructive organs, and was lying in fragments on the floor, while that interesting specimen of feminine humanity was trying to construct it anew from the ruins.

"Sure, ma'am, and it just flew from the stove like somethin' possessed, and it's bewitched I'm thinkin' it is."

"Yes, verily, both you and the frying-pan," thought Esther, as she returned to Harry and drew the low rocker by the side of the sofa where he lay apparently asleep; but Esther knew by the troubled expression that sleep with its soothing hand had not touched him.

"What's the matter, Harry?" asked she, in a sympathizing tone.

"O, nothing of any consequence," he responded; "but this is one of those days when every thing goes wrong—so many little things to vex me, and then I grow angry at myself for being vexed."

"Tell me all about it. I tell you all my little troubles, and it helps me bear them wonderfully."

And so, under the magnetic touch of that soft, plump hand, the words could not help but flow, and the story was all poured into the little wife's ear—the insolence of one clerk, the petty stealings of another, the failure of one debtor to be "up to time," and so on, just those little worries that occur in every-day life, but which are harder to bear than some great trial which, by its very weight, crushes you into submission. It is strange, but Harry felt much lighter after this petty burden of care was partly rolled off on Esther's shoulder, and went away with a cheerful face; while his sprightly wife was more than ever confirmed in her belief that each should share with the other the little vexations as well as the mighty troubles of life, and went tripping upstairs with the refrain of the morning, "For weal and for woe."

Finding Aunt Josephine's door ajar, she put her head in to say, "Harry and I have been picking splinters out of each other's fingers, and feel vastly better for it."

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WAY-MARKS.

DUTIES every hour betide us,
Bearing burdens in the way,
Cheering those who walk beside us,
Bringing sheaves at close of day.

Nightly blessings come infolding
Those who smile and those who weep;
God, his weary earth beholding,
Folds it in the robe of sleep.

Daily by all waters sowing,
If the Word shall stand or fall,
Neither questioning nor knowing,
For the Lord will care for all.

Nightly comes the Master walking
In the vineyards of his love,
With his weary brethren talking
Of the harvest home above.

Daily toiling up the mountain,
Bowed with crosses, bruised and beat,
Scarce is found one cooling fountain
Where to bathe our burning feet.

Nightly, in the valleys lowly,
Where the tents gleam out like snow,
As of old, with counsel holy,
Angel guests may come and go.

Daily careless feet are speeding
Where the snares and pitfalls lie;
Happy if, the danger heeding,
They may learn to pass them by.

Nightly may our praises never
Cease to Him—the Lord of all—
That in Him we stand forever;
Near to Him we need not fall.

Daily are two angels writing
What we do for good or ill;
One, with smiles, the good inditing,
One the evil, sad and still.

Where repentance boweth lowly
Long they wait at close of day,
Blotting out the deed unholy,
Ere they bear the book away.

Every day may have some morrow
When our love will greet the dawn,
Waking but to weep in sorrow
For the faces that are gone.

When the twilight veils the meadows,
All the holy stars that rise
Seem to tell us, through the shadows,
Of the loves of Paradise.

When the longest day is ended,
And the heaviest task is done,
Faith shall be with vision blended,
Cross and crown will be as one.

And in promise of that morning
Life's last sunset shall be bright;
Earth will bloom in Heaven's adorning,
And "at eve it shall be light."



A LADY OF INDIA IN FULL DRESS.

THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

FIRST PAPER.

THE above picture is from a photograph for which this lady, Zahore Begum, of Seereenugger, consented to sit. As her face had to be seen by the artist, the concession was a very singular one for any lady of her race. It was done to gratify the Queen of England, who, on the assumption of the direct sovereignty of India—on the abolition of the East India Company in 1859—requested that photographs of

the people and their various races, trades, and professions might be taken and sent to her. Her Majesty graciously consented to have her valuable collection copied and circulated, and by the courtesy of Captain Meadows Taylor—the Oriental author—the writer obtained copies of this and several others of much value, which will hereafter appear in these pages.

The readers of the Repository have, there-

fore, before them a faithful picture of a Hindoo lady of the highest rank, as she appears in her Zenana home, under the best circumstances, having made herself as attractive as silk, and muslin, and cashmere cloth and a profusion of jewelry can render her. In the jewel on the thumb of the left hand there is inserted a small looking-glass, of which the fair lady makes good use. The usual gold ring, strung with pearls, is in her nose, lying against her left cheek, and her forehead, ears, arms, fingers, ankles, and toes are crowded with jewelry and tinkling ornaments, the sounds of which proclaim her presence and approach always.

But what is this woman, thus "gorgeously appareled," in her condition, character, and prospects? Even the Zenana has had to give up its secrets, and the rest of the world may now know how the women of India live and die.

Of course every lady of intelligence has heard more or less of the condition of her sex in India, and has had her sympathy called forth for the wrongs which they have so long suffered. Yet few understand why these things are so, much less what is the full measure of those wrongs to which this lady or any of her sisters in India are always exposed, without that appeal which other women possess to the divine rule of their religion which forbids such treatment. This protection and last resort no woman in India possesses. She is to-day what these papers will faithfully describe her as being, because the law of her religion has long since, and forever, defined her position and provided for her debasement.

In other lands, and under the teachings and forms of a different civilization, the wrongs which woman suffers at the hands of lordly and vicious men are the result of the current wickedness of those who oppress them; but in India the abject humility, subordination, and implicit obedience of woman to every whim and wish which her husband exacts from her, is extorted under the express teachings of her cruel faith, and she is well aware that he can quote the only "scriptures" she knows to justify every demand and wrong to which she tamely submits. Her gods and their professed teaching are here clearly not on the side of the weak victim, but on that of her oppressor, and he is thus armed, not only with his own power, but with the precepts and fearful threats of his wicked religion to justify himself, and to subjugate the body and mind of woman to his absolute will. Her poor judgment and conscience are held fast in the terrors of a system that contains not one ray of hope of any change for the better for her; while this has been the

condition of the hundreds of millions of women in India since long before the incarnation of Christ. All that period of time she has been sunk and suffering in this manner.

If ever woman had an opportunity of showing what she might become under the teaching and influence of a civilization where Christianity or the Bible did not interfere with her state, the women of India have had that opportunity; and now after forty centuries of such experiment, what is woman there to-day? These pages shall faithfully declare it to the women whom Christianity has redeemed, and then let them judge for themselves the difference and its cause.

In rendering this service to the truth I shall be under no liability to exaggerate, nor shall I make a single unsupported statement as to her condition. The evidence shall be all her own, and chapter and verse—Law, Purana, and Shaster—shall give their testimony to the exact truthfulness of my descriptions. I feel assured that the ladies who read these papers will lay them down with the conviction that a more atrocious system for the extinction of the happiness and hopes of woman than that which is contained in the Code of the Hindoos never was devised by priest or lawgiver since the hour when guilty man first began to throw the blame, and the burden, and the wrongs of life upon the weaker sex.

The most ancient body of human law now extant is the Institutes of Menu. This unique and whimsical system of legislation—the offspring of despotism and priestcraft—fixed the social and religious position of woman in India at least a thousand years before Christ. The full title of the Code—which has been translated from the ancient Sanscrit by Sir William Jones—is, "Institutes of Hindoo Law, or the Ordinances of Menu—Comprising the Indian System of Duties Religious and Civil."

This is the fountain-head of those rules which constitute the laws of life for the women of India; and terrible as many of them are in their undisguised deformity here, they have been made even more hideous and horrible by the dilution and added ingredients of bitterness which they received as they flowed down through the ages, and were expressed in Puranas and Shasters, in traditional teachings, popular dialogues, in the Hindoo drama, and in their literature generally. We shall quote from all these to illustrate and justify the representations given of woman's lot in that land,

"Where the skies forever smile,
And the oppressed forever weep."

In doing this, however, I wish my readers to bear in mind the fact that I have to reserve part

of the terrible evidence which might be adduced, because it is too horrible and indelicate in some of its utterances to be laid before them; and I must also trust to their forbearance for some of the quotations which the sad truth requires should be presented.

In drawing a picture of woman in India, we first speak of her *birth*; and here we are met with the terrible fact of female infanticide, so common in that land. This is an ancient, systematic, and prevalent crime among the Hindoos. Not especially among the poor or the debased, but prevailing chiefly among the Rajpoot families, some of the proudest and wealthiest of the tribes of India. The doctrine and practice, and the unblushing avowal of this unnatural crime on the part of its perpetrators are such as can not be found anywhere else on earth. And the infernal custom has so drugged their consciences that even the mothers themselves, of these destroyed little ones, have declared their insensibility of any feeling of guilt, even where the deed has been done by their own hands!

To illustrate their estimate of the value of girls, I may mention that I had a native friend in India with whom, as he spoke English well, I had free and frequent conversations during my residence there. Suppose I heard that he had lately received an increase to his family circle—meeting him next day, after the usual salutation, I should say to him, “Lalla, I wish you joy—what has God sent?”

If it were a boy that had come, my friend would lift his face with pleasure, and, as his heart dilated with satisfaction, with evident willingness to reply, he would answer: “Sir, I have received a son.”

But if it happened to have been a girl, my question would awaken emotions akin to those of disappointment and shame, and, with averted face, the half-angry parent would answer me: “Sir, I have received nothing!” A terribly significant, as well as cruel reply; for it expressed the general contempt of his countrymen for the female sex, and showed that in the home where God had sent her to be a ray of light and joy, that little daughter was unwelcomed, and brought no sunshine with her. Her advent was a day of darkness, and, among the class of persons mentioned, there were perhaps two chances to one that, before many hours had rolled over, that daughter would be “nothing” to either father or mother.

Girls are not desired, not welcome; and when they come, and must live, as British law now demands, where its power can reach them, that life must be held sacred; still they can be

at least ignored, if not despised. Why, if my native friend had six children, three boys and as many girls, and I happened to inquire: “Lalla, how many children have you?” the probability is he would reply: “Sir, I have three children;” for he would not think worth while to count in the daughters.

They can not understand our Christian feelings in rejoicing over the birth of a girl with as sincere happiness as we would lavish upon our male children; and a case is actually on record which shows how generally accepted is this idea in the native mind, where an English gentleman at Bombay actually received a visit of condolence from an intelligent native friend. A little girl had been born to him, and the polite Hindoo, having heard of it, had called to express his sympathy with the unfortunate parent!

The prevalence and extent of this horrid crime of female infanticide many years ago attracted the attention of the humane men whom England sent to rule her India possessions; and from the official statistics collected, which are now before us, we are able to give some accurate idea of the fatal devastation which for ages past this hellish cruelty has wrought with the female life of India.

Mr. Wilkinson's reports were based upon a census taken in one locality where this custom was known to exist. By the simple spontaneous admission of the guilty parties themselves, it turned out that in one tribe the portion of sons to daughters was 118 to 16; in a second, 240 to 98; in a third, 131 to 61; in a fourth, 14 to 4; and in a fifth, 39 to 7. Now, as statistics in Europe and America have all shown but one result, namely, that the births of males and females are of nearly equal amount, the only inference to be drawn from this disparity is that females equal, or nearly equal, in number to the difference here exhibited had been destroyed!

The murders, therefore, perpetrated in the first of the above tribes were 77 per cent. of the females born. The aggregate result given by the census taken in this locality was 632 sons to 225 daughters. This is an average of 36 daughters to 100 boys; or, in other words, of every 100 females born, 64 must have been cruelly immolated by their parents; or, in round numbers, about two-thirds were destroyed, and but one-third saved alive!

Some of the villages examined presented a more terrible exhibit than even this—as where he found only 3 per cent. of girls, and in one *no girls at all*—the inhabitants freely “confessing that they had destroyed every girl born in their village.”

Sir Henry Pottinger, Colonel Speirs, and other gentlemen in other parts of India, furnished similar statistics to their Government.

The simplest and most elementary right of humanity is *the right of existence*; but for ages in India this foul conspiracy against woman has robbed her of this right in millions of instances. No wonder He who seeth in secret the wrongs that are perpetrated on the helpless, has taken from such a land of blood "liberty and happiness," as they have taken the gift of life from their innocent offspring.

The guilty agents are generally the parents themselves—oftimes the mothers with their own hands. Sir John Malcolm positively states, in his Report on Central India, that "the mother is commonly the executioner of her own offspring." Professing to open the fount of life to her babe she coolly and deliberately impregnates it with the elements of death, by putting opium on the nipple of her breast, which the child inhaling with its milk dies. But the juice of the poppy is not the only ingredient by whose "mortal taste" so many unoffending victims fill the unmarked graves of India. The Madar, or the dutterrea plant, the tobacco leaf, starvation, drowning, exposure in the jungle, and even strangulation, are the modes employed by these wretches for their fell purposes. "Without natural affection" truly.

The legal orator whose indignation was aroused to such an uncontrollable pitch by a *single* case of infanticide on the part of an unhappy mother, on trial for her life for the deed, when he so vehemently, and yet so truly denounced it as "a crime, in its own nature detestable; in a woman, prodigious; in a mother, incredible: for it is perpetrated against one whose age calls for compassion, whose near relation claims affection, and whose innocence deserves the highest favor"—what would he have said, where could he have found words to express himself, if the facts here given had been laid before him, and he had been made acquainted with the inveterate and wholesale system of murder which these reports revealed, and all of them committed against one sex, and that sex the very one whose gentle life and welfare God has especially placed under the protection and tender care of man and of society!

Human language, with all its resources, furnishes but a feeble and inadequate medium of expression for the horror which such deeds of hell awaken in the heart. Probably the celebrated Encyclopedist has as nearly expressed it as it is possible when he says: "Infanticide, or child murder, is an enormity that our reason and feelings would lead us to reckon a crime of

very rare occurrence. That it should exist at all, is, at first view, surprising—that it should prevail to any extent is difficult of belief—that parents should be its perpetrators is in a high degree painful to imagine—but that mothers should be the executioners of their own offspring, nay, their habitual and systematic executioners, is such an agonizing contemplation, such an outrage on humanity, as every amiable feeling of our nature sickens and revolts at."

If any thing farther were possible to add a more damning character to these deeds of blood it is found in the fact that Hindooism has dared to add a *divine* acquiescence to these practices; for their abominable creed has furnished a suitable patron to accept and delight in the groans and dying agonies of India's daughters; while a fitting locality, as a general center for the hellish enormity, was long since found in that dreary island of Saugor, lying below Calcutta, and which few Christians have ever passed without feeling inclined to invoke upon the island and its shrine of blood the unmitigated curse of God and man.

The consort of Shiva—the third member of the Hindoo Trimurti—the female Moloch to whose horrid appetite for blood, and hunger for the human lives, on which she is represented as feeding with a desire that is insatiate, is the being, to appease and gratify whom the benighted mothers of India have for ages sacrificed their daughters' lives. Her name is *Kalee*. She is the most popular deity of Bengal—the etymology of the name of the metropolis of India being derived from her designation and shrine—*Kalee* and *Ghat*, a place of ablution—*Kalee's-ghat*—hence Calcutta.

Of this abominable being the *Kalika Purana* declares, in describing her appetite for blood and carnage: "If a devotee should scorch some member of his body by applying a burning lamp, the act would be very acceptable to the goddess; if he should draw some of his blood and present it, it would be still more delectable; if he should cut off some portion of his own flesh and present it as a burnt-offering, that would be most grateful of all. But if the worshiper should present her a whole burnt-offering, it would prove acceptable to her in proportion to the supposed importance of the animated beings thus immolated—that, for instance, by the blood of fishes or tortoises, the goddess is gratified for a whole month after; a crocodile's blood will please her three months; that of certain wild animals nine months; a guana's, a year; an antelope's, twelve years; a rhinoceros's, or tiger's blood, for a hundred years; but the blood of a lion, or a *man*, will

delight her appetite for a thousand years! while by the blood of three men, slain in sacrifice, she is pleased a hundred thousand years!

She is the patroness of the Thugs, those professional murderers, who, when their victim is in the agonies of strangulation beneath their knees on the ground, are engaging in acts of prayer—offering to Kalee the life that is passing away—and, to this abomination, who is said to feed on the human soul, have the mothers of India for ages immolated their daughters.

So popular is she and her worship that even the English Government can not keep the public offices open during the term of the "Durgapooja" holy days, from the first to the thirteenth of October; for all Calcutta then runs mad upon this idolatry. Her image, larger than the human form, painted blue, with her tongue dripping with gore upon her cheek, her bosom covered with a necklace of human skulls, and her many arms each bearing a murderous weapon, is carried in proud processions and accompanied by bands of music and tens of thousands of frantic followers, through the streets of Calcutta.

At her shrine below the city, on the isle of Saugor, had long occurred those deeds which fired the indignation of that great linguist, Dr. John Leydon, and led to the composition of those rugged, but honest lines of his, which describe the place and those deeds for which it was regularly visited, and which made it so infamous throughout the civilized world:

"On sea-girt Saugor's desert isle,
Mantled with thickets dark and dun,
May never moon or starlight smile,
Nor ever beam the Summer sun!
Strange deeds of blood have there been done,
In mercy ne'er to be forgiven;
Deeds the far-seeing eye of Heaven
Veiled its radiant orb to shun.

To glut the shark and crocodile
A mother brought her infant here;
She saw its tender, playful smile,
She shed not one maternal tear;
She threw it on a watery bier:
With grinding teeth sea-monsters tore
The smiling infant that she bore—
She shrunk not once its cries to hear!"

He then turns and addresses Kalee, and in the second verse following literally quotes the Shaster, describing her:

"Dark goddess of the iron mace,
Flesh-tearer, quaffing life-blood warm,
The terrors of thine awful face
The pulse of mortal hearts alarm—
Grim power! If human woes can charm,
Look to the horrors of this flood,
Where crimsoned Gunga shines in blood,
And man-devouring monsters swarm.
Skull-chaplet wearer! whom the blood
Of man delights a thousand years,

Than whom no face, by land or flood,
More stern and pitiless appears;
Thine is the cup of human tears,
The pomp of human sacrifice:
Can not the cruel blood suffice
Of tigers, which thine island bears?
Not all blue Gunga's mountain flood,
That rolls so proudly round thy fane,
Can cleanse the tinge of human blood,
Nor wash dark Saugor's impious stain:
The sailor, journeying on the main,
Shall view from far thy dreary isle,
And curse the ruins of the pile
Where mercy ever sued in vain!"

This iniquity was openly and fearlessly practiced in India up to the time when the Marquis Wellesley, brother of the Duke of Wellington, was appointed Governor-General, and India's daughters will yet learn to revere and love the memory of that humane and intrepid man, who, in the face of the obstacles that arose around him on every side, when he attempted to deal with this "custom," never faltered till he had put the protection of Christian law over the life of every child in India. His Excellency honestly and bravely placed into the hands of the magistracy of India "A Regulation for Preventing the Sacrifice of Children at Saugor and other places, passed by the Governor-General in Council, on the 20th of August, 1802," "declaring the practice to be murder, punishable by death." In British India, so far as law could reach the case, he made infanticide to be regarded and revenged as in England.



THE MARQUIS WELLESLEY.

We present here an outline of the countenance of this true friend of woman, as that of one whose deeds of mercy will be had in everlasting remembrance.

None would more heartily regret than he would, that his humane law has not accomplished all the good he hoped for, nor that a complete reformation can not even yet be reported. But this much has been accomplished, that the crime, when committed, must now be done cautiously and secretly, in the absence of witnesses, and in darkness; while millions of women have certainly been saved by it, and the law which he enacted will never be revoked. Under its operation Christianity is creating a conscience that will leave no room for the murderer, and no murderer to seek a hiding-place, and these deeds of hell shall be banished from the soil of India.

It is time now to present the known *causes* or *motives* for this fearful outrage against the dictates of reason, the voice of conscience, the finest sensibilities of our nature, and the laws of Almighty God. Whatever the reasons and motives which have led and still do lead the Hindoo to forget his "mildness" and become the murderer of his own flesh and blood, it is certainly not from a love of cruelty for cruelty's sake, nor from a total destitution of natural affection, nor is it that feeling that in ancient days led men to offer "their first-born for their transgressions, the fruit of their body for the sin of their soul."

It is no doubt true that children have been secretly offered to sanguinary demons in India, and many of the infants thrown to the crocodiles or sharks at Saugor by their mothers, were immolated in fulfillment of religious vows. Even the desire for children has led to their destruction, the mother promising her deity, in advance, that if blessed with offspring, the first-born shall be returned in sacrifice. In this case "the child of the vow" is carefully cherished for three or four years, and then the mother, tempting it a step beyond its depth, resigns it to the Ganges, or deliberately casts it toward the pampered alligator, and stands to see it bleeding within the monster's jaws! Alas, this is all but too true! Again, it is not uncommon for a poor, sickly babe, under the blind infatuation of its parents that its illness is caused by some malignant demon, who has taken possession of it, to be placed in a basket and carried into the forest, and there suspended from a tree, and abandoned for three or four days and nights, and if, at the end of that time, the vultures, or ants, or beasts of prey have not made away with it, and its sickness has not departed, it is restored to its home.

But none of these abominable cruelties adequately accounts for the prevalence of female infanticide. We have to seek its causes in more

unworthy motives than even these. In fact, the daughters of India have been sacrificed one generation after another, not to the superstition of their parents, but to their satanic pride.

It is very difficult to convey to American readers, or to the common sense of a Christian lady any adequate idea of the soaring and extravagant pride of family descent of such a race as the Rajpoots. The feudalism and chivalry of semi-barbaric Europe never entertained such exaggeration of themselves as do these men in their erroneous conceptions of that false honor to which they will thus freely sacrifice all that human nature holds most dear. Inflated with these high conceits, the towering pride of these men leads them to hold themselves as so many royal races, bearing the stamp of an incredible antiquity, and the noble lineage that looks down with contempt upon the modern and mushroom aristocracies of European society. The god-like qualities and heroic deeds of the mythical personages of the Mahabarata and the literature of his country he claims to be glorious facts, and he is the descendant and representative of this exalted rank and dignity! This fantastic vision is to him the most glorious and precious of all earth's realities. Under the influence of the excessive vanity thus generated, the aristocratic Rajpoot, rather than brook the fancied disgrace of unequal alliances, and thereby contaminating the blood of such a noble descent, will quench the very instincts of his nature and doom to death his unoffending offspring. Rather than brook the fancied disgrace of celebrating a daughter's nuptials in a style of pomp and magnificence disproportioned to his lofty pretensions, he will extinguish a life which, if preserved, would requite him with fond affection, and remember him with all a daughter's love. But rather than endure the imaginary dishonor of having his name sullied and his fame tarnished by the silence or dispraise of bards or genealogists, whose favorable verdict he can only purchase at a rate of liberality which would plunge him, with a mortgaged inheritance, into irretrievable poverty, he will harden his heart against the yearnings of a parent's feelings, and consign the lovely little one, that has just seen the light of heaven, to the agonies of death and the darkness of a grave dug in silence and in fear.

Multitudes of these Rajpoots are as poor as they are proud, and as immemorial custom requires, in the event of a daughter's marriage, not only her own "gift and dowry" to be provided, but the festivities of the occasion, lasting six days, to be furnished for all relatives and friends, priests, bards, and various functionaries

who must be "bidden" and provided for munificently; it is simple ruin for all but the very wealthy to dare the experiment, certainly more than once.

Probably more than half the debts of India to-day—in a land where such high usurious rates of interest are charged by the Shroffs—money lenders—to their creditors, running up to even thirty per cent. per annum—the first year's interest being usually deducted when the loan is made—are entirely on these accounts, while multitudes of families do n't even entertain the hope of ever doing more than paying the interest of the enormous outlays caused by these ridiculous customs; and when the stern realities of approaching poverty begin to crowd in upon a man whose senseless pride has carried him to such extremes, little consolation can he find in the doctrine of his great bard, Chund, who sings of a similar case:

"The Dahima emptied his coffers
On the marriage of his daughter with Pirthirjoj;
But he filled them with the praises of mankind"—

praises for which he must be content to walk with poverty all the rest of his life.

To this is added, what is equally difficult for Europeans and Americans to understand or sympathize with, the general horror which parents in India feel in view of the supposed disgrace which would rest upon them and theirs in the event of their daughters remaining unmarried. *

An additional explanation is found in the relation which a son bears to the *Shradh* of his father—those funeral rites at which he is to officiate, and which are considered essential to the happy transmigration and future welfare of the departed parent; so that the birth of a boy, and of each in succession, is an assurance of salvation to the father, while, as sacrifice and religious rites are all denied to women, a girl is regarded as of no moral moment whatever. She is a mere secular creature, whose life is considered as forfeited if the father concludes that there is no reasonable prospect of a suitable marriage for her, or that his means won't allow him to contemplate the customary nuptial expenses of his tribe. What girls are saved from death are usually those first born; the later ones have not a chance of life, those spared requiring their death as a necessity of their position and dignity.

Thus—to use the words of a writer in the *Calcutta Review*—parental affection in India has been overpowered by superior impulses, arising from the teeming brood of ignorance with its mistaken tenderness, and lust with its riotous excesses, and physical want with its indurating

appliances, and superstition with its relentless cravings. But it was reserved for the high-souled and chivalrous Rajpoots to exhibit to the world a spectacle of wholesale destruction of human life continued from age to age, by which it is demonstrable that millions and millions of female children have permanently perished! Perished—how? By the famine that pines in empty stalls, or the pestilence that walketh at noonday? No. That were in some measure a merciful death, as it would be by the righteous, if severe, ordination of an all-wise Providence. How then? To avoid the remorseless atrocities of barbaric warfare? No. That too were comparatively a natural death, as it would be inflicted by the hands of an enemy exasperated by deadly hate. How then?—and when? In times of peace, when the trumpet hangs quietly in the hall, as well as when it peals the shout of battle; in times of plenty, when earth, air, and ocean fling stores of affluence from their teeming bosoms; amid the retirements of home, amid the stillness of domestic privacy, have the thousands of hecatombs of helpless innocents been cruelly sacrificed, massacred, butchered! Butchered by whom? By the midnight assassin, or the Indian tomahawk, or scalping knife? No, no; let humanity shudder. They are the mothers—the unhappy mothers—who, in the name of false honor, demon pride, and hereditary fictions of rank or purity of lineage, have no compassion on the fruit of their own womb—who imbrue their hands in the blood of their new-born babes.

Surely this must be the very consummation of the triumph of the great devil himself over poor, ruined, infatuated man! Who would not desire to alleviate such wretchedness, to remove such ignorance? to extirpate such foul pollution and guilt from the earth? to stem such torrents of innocent blood, and seal up such yawning graves, and annihilate these evidences of the supremacy of the prince of darkness?

Say, ye happy American mothers, who have fondled your smiling babes, and clasped them to your bosoms as the most precious gifts of heaven, if ever such a tale of woe as this has sounded in your ears? Surely were it only possible to cause your hearts to ring with but a faint and distant echo of the groans and dying agonies of the myriads of infantile victims, that from year to year impurple with their gore the hamlets and palaces of India, you would resolve, with one spontaneous and universal impulse, to take no rest till you had done all that in you lay to sweep such horrid and abominable cruelties from off the face of the earth. It will be a

satisfaction to you to reflect that the lady missionaries whom your society is now sending to that land, and who carry right into the center of these homes your Christian sentiments and feelings upon this subject, may be designed by God to work out a remedy for an evil which has hitherto defied human law and all that man alone could do for its extirpation. May Heaven help them, until the day shall dawn when the mothers of India, exulting over their daughters—over each and all of them—as joyously as they have ever done over their sons, shall delight to direct their husband's loving attention to their female children, as the Christian poet has so well expressed it for them :

"O, look on her, see how full of life,
Of strength, of bloom, of beauty, and of joy !
How like to me—how like to thee, when gentle,
For then we are all alike : is it not so ?
Mother, and sire, and babe, our features are
Reflected in each other.
Look ! how she laughs and stretches out her arms,
And opens wide her bright eyes upon thine,
To hail her father, while her little form
Flutters as winged with joy. Talk not of pain !
The childless seraphs well might envy thee
The pleasures of a parent ! Bless her—
As yet she has no words to thank thee, but
Her heart will, and mine own too."

Such is the first chapter of woman's life in India ; such the risks she has to run that any thing more remains to be said of her. Even that, though unconscious of her indebtedness, she owes perhaps to Christian law, which has granted her the right to fill out her existence and sustain those conditions which our next papers will describe.

ORDINATION OF NATIVE METHODIST MINISTERS

AT FOOCHOW, CHINA.

THE week ending with Monday, the 22d of November, was one of great and unusual interest to the friends of missions generally, and to the Methodist Episcopal mission particularly. The special occasion was the General Annual Meeting of the native helpers of that mission at Foochow, their examination, and the ordination of seven of their number to the office or order of deacons, and of four of the seven to the office or order of elders in the Methodist Church by Bishop Kingsley.

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday were devoted to the examination of the native helpers on certain portions of the sacred Scriptures, and on the Discipline and regulations of the Methodist Church, and on sermons prepared by some of the helpers. The portions of the Bible

and of the Discipline on which they were examined had been given out at the General Meeting held last year in October, as subjects of special study during the present year. Four sessions were held each of these three days. The helpers passed the ordeal very creditably. The missionaries and the most intelligent of the native preachers acted as examiners.

Friday and the forenoon of Saturday were occupied in the examination of the old helpers in regard to their personal character, and the examination of the new candidates for the position of student, or assistant helpers, and in the prosecution of such other business as was intimately connected with the work of the past, or the work of the following year. These sessions were presided over by Bishop Kingsley, assisted by the members of the mission, who translated for him. It was concluded to retain all of the old helpers and student helpers except four or five, some of whom offered their resignation, and a large class of new student helpers were received.

As has been the practice for several years, the evenings of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, from 7 until after 9 o'clock, were devoted to the consideration of the important subjects, *Spreading of the Gospel, the Bible Cause, and the Opium Question*, respectively. These meetings were presided over by native Christians, who conducted themselves in a very creditable manner, introducing the subjects by appropriate remarks, after having engaged in singing, reading the Scriptures, and in prayer. They called upon the speakers in the order which had been fixed upon, the programme having been printed, with names of speakers and subjects to be discussed. Only three brief speeches were made by the missionaries during these three evenings. While all the addresses made by the Chinese preachers were good, most of them were remarkably excellent and practical, and would have done credit to young men of American or English birth and education, as regards arrangement, thought, and manner. A synopsis of these addresses would make this article too lengthy.

The closing speech on the opium topic, delivered late Saturday evening by Hu Sing Mi—one of the seven subsequently ordained, who spent two or three years in New York city, and was a member of the Methodist Church on Twenty-Seventh-street—was remarkable for its humor and feeling, and for its arguments, facts, and illustrations. In the judgment of some, if not all of the foreigners who listened to it, it was the most elaborate and the most eloquent address they had ever heard from a Chinaman on that or any secular subject.

During the evening devoted to the subject of "*Spreading the Gospel*," a list of the contributions made for that object by the native Christians connected with the Methodist missions during the past year was read, whereby it appeared that 311,742 cash—a little short of \$300—had been thus contributed. This fact is of a very encouraging nature. It is believed, however, that during the coming year the contributions for the spreading of the Gospel made by the native Churches will be very much larger. The native preachers, and assistant or student helpers, who are to labor in the district of Hing-Hua, between this and Amoy, it is understood have pledged themselves to raise \$200 during

the coming year; and those laboring in the district of Foo-Ching, this side of Hing-Hua, are pledged to collect \$100 from their field.

After much thought, consultation, and prayer, it was decided by the Bishop and the mission to ordain as deacons certain seven of the "licensed" native preachers, and as elders certain four of that number. These men have been employed in preaching the Gospel from four or five years to over ten years each. In the love-feast, held on Sabbath morning, November 21st, these brethren had an opportunity of briefly expressing their feelings in view of their proposed ordination. They all seemed deeply impressed with the importance, solemnity, and responsi-



THE FIRST CHINESE MINISTERS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Sia Sek Ong,
Li Yu Mi,

Hu Yong Mi,
Hu Sing Mi,

Hu Po Mi,

Ling Ching Ting,
Yek Ing Kuang.

bility of the position in the Church they were to hold—the first ordained deacons of the Methodist Episcopal Church in China.

At the close of an impressive sermon on the character and conduct which it was binding on them to sustain and exhibit, delivered soon after the termination of the love-feast by one of the missionaries, Bishop Kingsley proceeded to ordain the seven to be "deacons in the Church of God." The scene was solemn and impressive. It will not soon be forgotten by the crowded house which witnessed it.

In the evening of the Sabbath, four of the seven deacons were solemnly consecrated and ordained to the eldership by the Bishop—the Methodist missionaries and two American Pres-

byterian ministers who were present, joining with the Bishop in the imposition of hands on the heads of those who were thus set apart to the service of God in the holy ministry. The ordaining prayer was translated in the case of each candidate by the senior missionary of the Methodist mission. The ordination was followed by the administration of the Lord's-Supper, at which the foreign Christians, American and English, partook, as did a large number of Chinese Christians—estimated to amount to over one hundred. The newly ordained deacons and elders assisted in the administration of the Supper on this interesting and memorable occasion.

The body of native preachers and student

helpers met on Monday morning and received their appointments for the coming year.

The men who were ordained deacons or elders range from thirty to forty-six years of age. Three of them are brothers—one of them being the person who spent two or three years in study in New York. One is a graduate of the Mission Boarding-School, of which he was a member when Rev. Otis Gibson, now missionary to the Chinese in California, had charge of it. Another was a hard-working blacksmith when converted. He subsequently labored at the anvil, and at the same time, with unwearied application, studied the sacred Scriptures, which he placed near by, talking incessantly with his customers about the glorious Gospel. He soon developed such singular zeal and rare ability in public speaking that he was employed as native helper. The remaining two, one a literary man by profession, and the other, formerly a merchant and opium-seller, as well as opium-smoker, have already given good proof of their call to the ministry by their devoted labors and their abundant success in interesting their countrymen in the Gospel, and in leading them into the Church. The latter one, the oldest of the seven, is often referred to among foreign missionaries as brother Binkley's man, from the circumstance that Rev. Mr. Binkley, who was obliged to return to the United States six or seven years since, was instrumental in his conversion.

These seven are in charge of Churches at very important centers. Mr. Binkley's man is stationed at the principal city in Hing Hua prefecture—the literary man at the principal city in the district of Foo 'Ching, forty and seventy miles to the south-east of Foo Chow. The youngest and the second of the three brothers, in the corresponding cities of 'Ku'-tien and Ming-'Ching districts, one hundred miles and forty miles to the north-west and west of Foo Chow respectively. The eldest brother is in charge of the Church near which the Methodist missionaries live, and in which the annual meetings are held. The graduate of the Mission Boarding-School is in charge of the Church on East-street in the city of Foo Chow, and the zealous and eloquent blacksmith—learned in the Scriptures—is in charge of the Church located a mile from the south gate of the city in the great southern suburb.

The missionary work at this place and the surrounding country, under the auspices of the Methodist mission, is constantly increasing in interest and importance. It is making, month by month, greater and greater demands on the strength of its members, who number three

ministers, all told. And yet one of them is under the grave necessity of leaving with his family for the United States next Spring. There will then remain two men. The three are already overburdened with their cares, responsibilities, and labors. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." Who will come without delay and enter upon this great harvest-field and aid in gathering the sheaves into the garner of the Lord?

This sketch would be incomplete if a reference should not be made to the presents given Bishop Kingsley, on the Wednesday evening after the ordination services, at the usual time of holding the missionary weekly prayer-meeting. Five of the ordained men, the other two being away, without notice or warning walked into the room where the meeting was to be held, each conveying a valuable present, consisting of Japan or Foo Chow made lacquered boxes, of superior workmanship, and a beautiful fan, which some one subsequently suggested was intended for Mrs. Kingsley. On this their names had been neatly inscribed. Without a word they placed these things on the center-table, while they remained standing near it. The senior missionary addressed the Bishop, who arose, while the esteem in which he was held by them and the fraternal salutations and farewells of the ordained were presented to him. He replied in a brief speech, which was duly translated to them, in which he thanked them for the beautiful tokens given him, which he said he should value highly, and show his friends in America. He expressed his great pleasure in having met them, and his satisfaction in their character as Christian ministers.

Soon after this a member of the mission approached him with a heavy volume containing fifty or sixty large and superior photographic views of Foo Chow and the adjacent scenery, which he presented the Bishop in the name of the Methodist missionaries. He read a short and well-worded address to the Bishop, which expressed their gratitude for his services in his official capacity, and their sense of the profit they and their families had derived from his counsel and example during his brief sojourn with them, and their best wishes for his happiness and usefulness during the remaining portion of his trip around the world, as well as during his life, assuring him they would be glad to welcome him again at Foo Chow. The Bishop, who evidently was taken by surprise, remarked that he could not be expected to make a lengthy and appropriate reply to this address, and that

he must be allowed to imitate the example of President Grant on similar occasions, and say simply with all his heart, "I thank you." He subsequently examined with pleasure the valuable present of photographic scenes, as will his many friends in the United States, who may have the opportunity of looking it over.

Singing the hymn in Chinese and English, "Forever with the Lord," a prayer in English by the Bishop, and a prayer in Chinese by one of the native ministers, constituted the prayer-meeting for that evening.

REV. F. C. HOLLIDAY, D. D.

ONE of the most popular and one of the most valuable features of the Repository has been the frequent introduction of living men to its readers. Naturally we desire to read of those whose writings we admire, and we specially desire to see the faces of those who are honoring themselves and the Church. The late General Conference did a wise thing in allowing the pages of our Queen of Monthlies to contain more pictures, for through the eye the mind and heart are most frequently reached. If "one good turn deserves another," the subject of this sketch should be seen by the readers of the Repository, for he has done them frequent good service in giving them the pictures and the history of such men as Governor Wright, Dr. Wood, Father Havens, and others. While it is pleasant to know that after we are dead a great many good things will be said of us, and our faults be hidden, it must also be pleasant to know what is now thought of us. Encomiums after death will not do the departed much good, and censures will affect him as little. If a man's life is such as to entitle him to an honorable place in society, that life should be held up before the young as an example worthy of their imitation. We are not sure that the history of General Grant *alive* has not more influence on the young than that of General Washington *dead*. Living examples are what we need; living lessons make the best impression, and to the living let us briefly look in this paper. We believe that the readers of these pages will thank us for even an imperfect sketch of one whose early and later life has been given to the work of the ministry, and whose entire abilities have been given to the building up in the West of an earnest, living Methodism.

Fernando Cortez Holliday was born in Essex county, New York, November 30, 1814, and came to Indiana with his parents in 1816, where he has

lived and labored almost ever since. He embraced religion during an extensive revival on the old Lawrenceburg circuit, under the labors of Revs. N. B. Griffith and Enoch G. Wood, March, 1829; was licensed to exhort by Rev. Joseph Oglesby, August 11, 1832, and was licensed to preach by Rev. James Havens, of precious memory, August 26, 1833. He entered the itinerancy in the old Indiana Conference in 1834, and was appointed to Wayne circuit with Rev. Charles Bonner. Young Holliday spent his first night in the itinerancy in the house of the writer's father, and we have heard from the lips of those who entertained him then that the boy preacher gave no unusual signs of coming greatness or eminence. This proves that permanent growth is slow, and its beginnings are not always most promising. But young and inexperienced as the boy itinerant was, there was a will power within him that urged him on in the performance of every duty, and that carried him steadily along in a career of labor and triumph. The young preacher was popular on his first circuits, but probably not so much for his powers of exhortation as for his genial social qualities and faithful attention to all the points of the Discipline. Indeed, his reputation as a minister depends as much on his carefulness and faithfulness as on his pulpit powers.

He was ordained deacon by Bishop Roberts in 1836, and elder by Bishop Soule in 1838. He has traveled three circuits, filled ten of the most important stations in Indiana, including one year at St. Louis, Missouri. He has been presiding elder fourteen years, and now has charge of the strongest Methodist Church in Indianapolis, and is exceedingly popular where he has been living for probably fifteen years. Although Dr. Holliday had but few educational advantages in early life, he improved what he had, and having laid down a course of study, he steadily pursued it until he became in many respects an excellent scholar. Being self-taught, he can not be judged by the standard of the schools, yet he will pass a scholar in almost any circle. What he lacks in the precision of a school-teacher he makes up in the scope of his education. In 1849 M'Kendree College, Illinois, did herself the honor to confer upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts, and in 1859 he received the title of Doctor of Divinity from Alleghany College, Pennsylvania. Both of these honors were well conferred, and their recipient has shown that they have been appreciated and were not unworthily given. Dr. Holliday has some acquaintance with Latin and Greek, and can read the Hebrew Bible. He is not unknown to the reading public, for

he is a frequent contributor to our Church periodicals, and is the author of a "Bible Manual for Sunday-Schools," and the "Life and Times of Rev. Allen Wiley," "The Bible Hand-Book" very recently issued, besides having published a number of pamphlets, tracts, and sermons. He is now one of the editors of the "Illustrated Christian," a new and excellent paper published in Indianapolis.

The Church and Conference have honored him frequently by placing him in offices of trust and responsibility. He has been a delegate to three General Conferences; was four years a member of the Western Book Committee, four years a member of the General Mission Committee, and has been a Trustee of Indiana Asbury University almost all the time since it was founded. Such is a brief record of a life spent so far in the service of our Church.

Physically, Dr. Holliday tends slightly to corpulency, though only enough to show that he enjoys good living. A number of years ago he was terribly afflicted with disease in one of his limbs, and was made lame for life, and two years ago he was so unfortunate as to have a leg broken by a fall; but notwithstanding all this he is able to keep up with almost any footman, and needs but little the help of a cane. He walks uprightly, like any good Christian, and is by no means a cripple. A look at his face will show at once that good fellowship is there, and few men are his equal in genial qualities, and in personal kindness. He wins his way with a smile and a cordial frankness that few can resist. The Doctor has a comfortable home, and his family of boys and girls are nearly all near home doing well in worldly matters.

As a preacher Dr. Holliday ranks among the best, and when he preaches in New York city he pleases his congregation there as he does the one in the little country church. His sermons are very carefully prepared, and are delivered in a manner calculated to please all classes of hearers. He is an instructive preacher, though he allows Fancy sometimes to lure him into her pleasant pathway. As a pulpit orator he is peculiarly free from failures. He seems to do about as well as he can every time he preaches, and, therefore, his special efforts do not greatly excel his regular discourses. With a well-stored mind, a playful fancy, a pleasing voice, an excellent manner, a heart full of love for souls, he ranks very high as a preacher, and is loved by all denominations who love the honest and the good. Be it known, however, that our friend has a few faults, for he is a man. To some of us who are younger and more impulsive he sometimes seems to be too little radical, and

sometimes we have wished he had more angularity, more snap; but the boys will find fault with their elders anyhow. Although the Doctor does not care to evoke a storm that will not down at his bidding, he can ride as serenely in the midst of a tempest as an old salt with his life insured. Some worthy bishop has told us to flank a prejudice rather than storm it, and our worthy elder knows how to flank.

It is no sin to love popularity for the purpose of doing good, and he who has the most friends has the widest field for usefulness. Dr. Holliday has received tempting offers to turn aside from the work of the ministry, and has steadily refused. For his devotion to Methodism, and incessant labors in her behalf, we honor him; and as a self-made man, who has worked his way to influence, and honor, and position, we hold him up as a lesson to be studied by the young. He has, seemingly, many years yet of service to render the Church, and it may be that he will be called yet higher in due time. As he still lives and is duly modest, we leave to his biographer to say many things we have in our heart to say now. To the young readers of the Repository we say that they will do well to study the character of such a man and the causes of his success.

"Our lives,
In acts exemplary, not only win
Ourselves good names, but do to others give
Matter for virtuous deeds by which we live."

ACCORDING TO THAT HE HATH.

HOW many excuses does Satan suggest to retain his captives, and how readily do they adopt and use them, when urged to shake off his yoke, and submit themselves to Jesus as their Lord! Some say, when thus appealed to, "I see so many faults in those who profess to be Christians." Others, "I am not, as yet, good enough to begin to follow Christ." Others, "I am not satisfied that I need any thing more than good resolutions and moral conduct to fit me for heaven." Others, "I must wait the Lord's time; when he sees fit, he will call me into his kingdom." Others, "I am not sure that, with my temptations and position in the world, I can become pious at all." And still others will reply, "I am not ready yet; there is a time for all things, and after I have enjoyed the world a little more I may be brought to a religious life."

Sometimes some such excuse becomes so plausible that he who employs it thinks it to be a sufficient reason why he should remain impenitent. And often those who have become

in some degree penitent thus obtain what seem satisfactory arguments for absenting themselves from the helpful ordinances to which real believers are invited.

The experience of F., a most exemplary and punctual attendant upon the public means of grace, may illustrate these hints.

He is a man considerably past middle life, moral and upright in his relations to his fellow-men.

A Christian friend, calling upon him, asks: "And why, Mr. F., are you not found among the professed followers of Jesus?"

"I wish—yes, I may say that I have long wished—that I might be with them. Above all things, I should like to be a sincere, happy, useful Christian."

"Then you have been for some time interested in the things of religion?"

"Yes, indeed; even from my youth I have had an interest in them, and have felt the importance of true piety; and as I have been for years accustomed to hear the preaching of God's Word, I have time and time again been impressed by its power, and been led to say it is the truth."

"I am glad that you do not shrink from a conversation upon religious topics."

"I thank you for bringing them to my notice, for often, when I have seen my minister coming to the house, I have dropped every thing, even when I have been hurried by my work, and have run into the house on purpose to hear him talk about the love of Christ and the way of salvation."

"Do you think that you see your need of Christ, so as willingly to receive him as your only Savior?"

"I trust so; at any rate I have been made conscious of my great sinfulness, and I wish to apply to him to take it from me."

"And do you pray daily?"

"I try to pray, and with an earnest desire to be heard, I hope."

"But is not this to begin to be a Christian? When with deep abhorrence of sin, one turns to the Lord Jesus as his only and all-sufficient Savior, and seeks by prayer to obtain his help in obeying his commands, what is this but to take the first steps in the Christian life? I hope you are going shortly to take other essential steps in the same right direction. You should at once confess Christ, and acknowledge your hope in him before others."

"I suppose that this is the duty of such as have really become his disciples; but I have one great hinderance that I fear must keep me back from being publicly known as a Christian,

even though the Savior should be willing to own me as one of his followers."

"Why so? What is your difficulty lying thus as an obstacle in your path? Perhaps you are unwilling to tell it to me."

"By no means. It seems to be this. I have so little to offer Christ. I would make, I am afraid, a most useless Christian. My early advantages were very poor, and, in fact, I have never had an opportunity to learn much. And even my natural talent is but little, and I'm quite sure that if I should try to be a Christian, I should not be of any service in the Church or anywhere else as a Christian."

"But is there not something of pride in this objection? Are you not, perhaps, holding back from duty because you think that you will not gain much credit in performing it?"

"It may be so, but I hope not. I've thought that if I should become a professed Christian, I'd be asked to pray in public, and I'm sure I never could do it in such a way as to benefit any one."

"This, my friend, you can tell nothing about. I was once at a prayer-meeting when a newly converted man was called upon to lead in prayer. He rose, and in a most humble and earnest manner stammered out a few broken sentences, and then sat down. But the sincere prayer was not in vain, for a friend present was brought to Christ in answer to the imperfectly uttered petitions that came from his full and longing heart. Besides, remember that you have not yet been asked to lead in prayer, or to perform any other public service. Do not anticipate these difficulties so long before you come to them. It does not become the duty of every Christian to pray in public. Should it be yours, God will give you the requisite preparation for it, and grant you his aid. You see I am meeting you upon your own ground. And suppose that your gifts are so humble, that your talents and abilities are so small that you can do little or nothing for Christ, what then?"

"Ah, my friend, this is just my trouble; I can do nothing, I am sure, for him."

"Well, but what do the Scriptures say about this matter; does God's Word represent him as so hard and severe as to demand of us what he has not given to us the ability to perform? Will Jesus Christ expect of you, or require from you more than you have got?"

"Why, I do n't know that I have thought of the matter before in this light. I can not suppose that he will."

"No, be assured he will not. When the poor widow at the treasury cast in her two mites—her all—Jesus commended her gift, and pro-

nounced it more valuable than the gifts which other bystanders may have estimated much higher. So if Satan tempts us to suppose that our dear Savior will require of us more than we have to offer, let us silence him as that Savior did, by an 'It is written.'

"Can any words be more adapted to relieve all your anxiety and diffidence than those of the beloved Paul: 'For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.' Go forward with all your weakness, but in the strength of Him unto whom all power is committed, and you will become his happy and successful follower."

The friendly word of counsel was not spoken in vain. At the next communion season, among others who received the ordinance of baptism was F. And as he now enjoys all the privileges of Christ's people, he often wonders that he should have been so long hindered from his duty by the fear that his Savior would expect or ask of him more than he has to give.

What frivolous objections often keep us from performing well-understood duty! The great adversary of our souls continually suggests them, and our native unwillingness to yield obedience to Christ makes them welcome. Let us remember from whence these "fiery darts" come upon us. Let us learn how to quench them with "the shield of faith."

Our dear Savior demands from us nothing unreasonable. He will never ask of us more than we have got. If we give to him all that we possess, he will accept the gift, and bestow upon us in return all that he holds and enjoys. If we obey him, and depending only upon his strength, humbly go forth to his service, we shall have his all-sufficient help. He will be better to us than our fears, better than our hopes.

MY MARAH.

"And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters, for they were bitter. And the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink? And he cried unto the Lord; and the Lord showed him a tree, which when he cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet." Ex. xv. 23-25.

WHILE wand'ring thro' the wilderness,
Panting with heat and thirst,
Craving one drop my lips to bless,
Moaning aloud in deep distress,
Deeming my life accurst;
Searching, but pausing oft to weep,
I came upon a spring;
Its waters did not brightly leap,
But slept beneath the shadows deep
That fell from Death's dark wing.

And there stood One beside its brink
With aspect sweet and mild;
He gave a cup—I could not drink—
"Drink it," He said, "and do not shrink,"
And on me gracious smiled.
"I can not drink, 't is full of bane;
O let this cup pass by!
See, it is black with grief and pain!"
"Drink it," He said, and smiled again
With pity in His eye.

I tasted then, and cried with tears,
"T is full of bitter sting!"
"Behold!" He said, "and calm thy fears;
This tree within it virtue bears
To sweeten all the spring."
And as He spoke in gentlest tone,
He touch'd the bitter cup—
The stranger from my side was gone,
And Christ hung on the cross alone,
When wond'ring I look'd up.

Upon His brow the thorny wreath
Great purple drops distill'd;
There, there, ere yielding up His breath,
The bitterness of life and death
To His dear cross He nail'd!
"The cup my Father gives to me,"
I cried, "shall I not drink?
No cup so dread as thine can be,
Who hangest on the healing tree—
Why should I fearful shrink?"

And then the cup I dreaded so—
No bitter to annoy—
Down to its dregs of seeming woe,
I drank, and at the bottom, lo!
I found a pearl of joy.
Then large I quaff'd of that deep spring,
And quench'd my thirst and heat;
From it was gone the bitter sting,
And gone the shadow of Death's wing—
The cross had made it sweet.

And often when a pure, fresh rill,
I long in vain to meet,
I wander back my cup to fill,
And there again I drink, and still
I find its waters sweet.
So round that fount for me unsal'd
The tend'rest memories cling;
For there the cross was first reveal'd,
And there I met Him, first, who heal'd
My life's deep Marah-spring.

CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

WHEN on his mission from his home in heaven,
In the frail bark the Savior deigned to sleep,
The tempest rose, with headlong fury driven,
The wave-tossed vessel whirled along the deep;
Wild shrieked the storm amid the parting shrouds,
As the vexed billows dashed 'mid dark'ning clouds.



CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

Alas, how futile human skill and power !
"Save, or we perish" in the fearful wave,
They cried ; and found, in that dread hour,
The One to pity and the Arm to save.
He spake, and lo ! obedient to his will,
The raging waters and the winds were still.

So thou, poor trembler on life's stormy sea,
When dark the waves of sin and sorrow roll,
To him for refuge from the tempest flee ;
In him confiding, trust thy sinking soul.
For this he came, to calm the tempest-tossed,
To seek the wanderer, and to save the lost.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FOOD.

NUMBER VI.

YEAST—WARM BREAD.

WHAT is yeast? Some housekeeper will reply, It is what we put into bread to raise it, to make it light. This imperfect definition covers nearly all that most housekeepers know about the substance. They think, indeed, that they must get it from *somewhere* to start with, like the virus of kine-pox; they can not raise it themselves; but ever so little will multiply itself *ad infinitum*; and as a whole neighborhood can be inoculated from one good arm, equally well can a whole community be supplied from one lively setting of yeast.

Yeast is oxidized gluten, and it is formed in large quantities in the decay of fruit juices, as in the fermentation of wines; and in the decay of grains, as in the worts of the brewer. Its entire character is not yet fully settled among scientific men. Liebig, who seems to have given very careful attention to the subject, says, "Ferment, or yeast, is a substance in a state of putrefaction, the atoms of which are in a continual motion. This motion or conflict of the elements communicating itself to the sugar destroys the equilibrium of its atoms. These no longer retain the same arrangement, and group themselves according to their special attractions. The carbon of the sugar is divided between the hydrogen and the oxygen; there is found on the one hand a carbonized compound containing almost all the oxygen—carbonic acid—and on the other a second carbonized compound containing all the hydrogen—alcohol."

So the action of yeast on the sugar and starch of the flour may be familiarly illustrated by the case of milk. Put into new milk that which is sour or many another decaying substance, and it will soon quicken—it will enter much sooner upon the process of decay. This Liebig explains by showing that many decaying bodies, when their particles are separating or going back to their original inorganic condition, have the power to induce by a sort of sympathy a similar action in the particles of other substances. "Fermentation," he says, "is nothing else but the putrefaction of a substance containing no nitrogen. It is excited by the contact of all bodies the elements of which are in a state of active decomposition." Hence it appears that the action of yeast is to induce in the food which we are preparing for our nourishment, a process of decay or destruction of that nourishment, as he says in his general definition of "Fermentation—Putrefaction—Decay. These are processes of decomposition,

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and their ultimate results are to reconvert the elements of organic bodies into that state in which they exist, before they participate in the processes of life." If we need any proof that this is the true state of things, we have but to let the process go on a very few hours beyond the point where it is usually arrested by being put into the oven, and the fact of loathsome decay is unquestionable. When did this action commence? At that moment when we put in the yeast by which it was induced.

But will not the flour decay without the addition of yeast? Certainly, if you but give it those essential to all decay, sufficient heat and moisture. Stir up wheat meal with warm water into a batter just thin enough to settle flat and keep it at a temperature of one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, or not quite hot enough to scald—best done in a *bain-marie*—and in about twelve or fifteen hours you will see the plainest indications of fermentation; bubbles will rise until the whole surface is covered, and the whole batter is filled with them. If you put this evidently rotting mass into flour, wet it with warm water, knead it up and make it into loaves, let it rot a little longer, and then bake, you will have, with proper materials, fine, light white bread, such as is preferred by many to that made by yeast. You recognize, of course, the principal features of "milk yeast" or "salt rising," only the milk and the salt have been omitted. These hasten the process, but they are not essential to it, the popular idea to the contrary notwithstanding. The misconception in this respect is amusing, and one astute writer lays the pungent odor of this decaying mass to the "*animal* smell and taste of the milk." I have myself detected precisely that peculiar odor and taste in simple cooked wheat in the incipient stages of its decay.

It is probably true that bread made by this process is more thoroughly disorganized than by the use of yeast. Evidences of this appear in the more dry and tasteless condition of the loaf two or three days after baking. When the action was communicated by the yeast or ferment at once to the starch or sugar of the grain, the required gas is liberated and with less harm than when the decomposition had time to attack and disorganize other elements also.

Some have contended that yeast is a plant, and that the liberation of carbonic acid gas is due to its vital action as a plant. Liebig does not favor this idea. He says, "It is contrary to all sober rules of research, to regard the vital process of an animal or a plant as the cause of fermentation." If it were so, however, it would make no difference in the results which are the

decomposition of nutritious matter, and the formation of alcohol and carbonic acid gas. These substances are both pernicious, and their presence in newly baked bread is among the most cogent reasons why it should not be eaten fresh from the oven. After standing some hours they evaporate, and the loaf is more digestible. There is also a change in texture, which makes it more readily masticated than when eaten warm and soft.

We seem to be retrograding in our acuteness of judgment as a race, for in ancient days yeast, and, indeed, fermentation of all kinds, was deemed very impure, and only unleavened bread was used for holy purposes, but we make no such fundamental distinctions now. I have known some Churches to have unleavened cakes for the social love-feast, and fermented bread for the sacrament of the Lord's-Supper, and it is very common at the latter to have fermented liquors that fill the whole room where we are assembled with such odors as we would be ashamed of in our own dwellings.

To the plain eye of common sense, yeast is a filthy, yellow scum that rises to the surface of decaying fruit juices or the washings of decomposing grain. Many a reflecting person has asked what could ever induce people to put such stuff as this yeast into their bread. Doubtless the lack of *wit* to make it light in any other way, the absence of genius to use nature's own materials to the best advantage, perhaps also the lack of proper utensils for baking, so as to imprison and then expand the simple atmospheric air which would have been sufficient in the case of the best wheat meal made by the ancients. The finer bolted flour of a later date only increased the difficulty. To sum up—yeast, by a process of decay, breaks up the sugar—and some of the starch—into carbonic acid gas, alcohol, and water. This gas, entangled in the meshes of the dough and expanded by heat, expands the mass. The amount of organic matter thus lost for food is variable; not large, but quite too large to be carelessly thrown away, and the bread is further injured for food on account of the dead matter to be disposed of. But aside from these important considerations, what person of taste will, on mature reflection, prefer to have his bread partly rotted in order to make it light, if this result can be produced in any better manner?

One of the most common ways of making bread without fermentation, adopted not so much to avoid the decay as to gain time, is the use of mineral substances, by the chemical union of which this gas may be liberated in the flour. But this violates a principle already

stated, that of the impropriety of eating mineral or inorganic substances. We would not eat them by themselves, and if eaten in bread they tax the vitality to get rid of them equally, but not quite so promptly. This estimate of injury does not take into account the difficulty of adjusting the quantities of tried poisonous articles so as to form a neutral salt without an excess of either. The results of the futile attempt to do this may often be seen in the lightening-streaked and bilious-looking biscuit, johnny-cake and griddle-cakes, from the hands of inexperienced cooks, bitter in the mouth and literal ashes in the stomach; or if shortening has been added with equal ignorance of its effects, a slimy taste betrays the soapy union of soda with grease.

What then? What shall we do?

If you have read No. V of this series you have a partial answer. The resources of intelligent cookery are only beginning to be developed, but the variety and excellence already attained are worthy of attention, even when compared with the results presented by a system which for ages has experimented with scarcely any restriction of aim but to please the palate. Several methods of baking wheat have been presented, unobjectionable on the score of health, so far as we can judge in the present state of science and experience, and so really toothsome as to soon establish themselves in the favor of those who prepare to eat them judiciously. Some who have tried the latter bread fail. Perhaps they have had poor materials—the practice is so shamelessly common of "making up" Graham flour out of all sorts of trash! A grocer offered to make up some for me. A very few dealers have learned the value of the genuine article, and send to reliable millers for their supplies. Other experimenters have failed because they have not mixed or baked it right, and they have not the wit nor the patience to discover the point of their own failure. Many no doubt have succeeded well, and of these some have commenced eating of it constantly at once, and have experienced ill effects from the sudden change, while some have made themselves sick with simple over-eating. Still the truth stands, and they who love it sufficiently to search for it patiently shall find it and profit thereby.

Now we will turn our attention to bread from other grains, and from mixed materials. Corn contains less gluten, gum, albumen, etc., than wheat, and is, therefore, with greater difficulty made into light bread. Much of this difficulty will vanish, however, if we have it coarsely ground. The simple mechanical fact that the

particles do not pack so closely, and therefore that more air is entangled, seems to be sufficient to account for this. Two simple experiments, easily tried, are very convincing. Take for the first any ordinary corn-meal, wet with water, cold or hot, to a thick batter, and bake in a quick oven three-fourths of an hour or more. For the other take corn-meal equally sweet, but ground as coarsely as the Yankee samp—so coarse that not more than half of it will go through a common sieve, and not quite all of it through the oat-sieve. If you have no better way to get it, grind it in a strong iron coffee-mill. In any case take out only the coarsest of the bran, wet and bake precisely as you did the first, and you will find the resulting "hoe-cake" far lighter and more palatable than that made of the finer meal. It follows, therefore, that when made up with "lightening" of any kind, far less of the latter will be required, and the coarser meal will prove more satisfactory in most kinds of cooking.

The best manner of making the "hoe-cake," however, is, after taking out the coarsest of the bran, to separate the meal into coarser and finer grades by using a common sieve, scald the coarse, and then add the fine, with water enough to make a stiff batter, and then bake in a hot oven as above. Or, if you wish to be more primitive, spread it on a hard-wood board, set it up before the fire, and bake it brown and sweet, after the good old fashion. If this separating the meal is too much trouble, simply scald one-half of it as it comes, and add the rest without scalding. This kind of bread is sweet, but rather hard. A more delicate loaf, a very good *mixed johnny-cake*, is made by scalding one part coarse corn-meal, then adding an equal part good wheat meal, with water enough for a batter quite too stiff to settle flat. Bake in a quick oven forty minutes or more, according to its thickness. If it comes out heavy, you have mixed it too thin; if hard, too thick—try again. A little salt and sugar may be added, if desired. The practice of putting salt into bread is all a matter of habit, and I find the use of it varies greatly in different parts of the country, many dispensing with it entirely. Those who have been in the habit of using it would better not break off suddenly, but remember that all kinds of bread are sweeter and more tender without it.

Corn-meal seems to suffer more than wheat from the action of both soda and yeast. The former seizes upon its oil, and we have a recurrence of the soapy taste; the latter seizes upon its sugar and sours it, while the lack of gluten does not enable it to retain the gas so readily as

in the case of wheat. So it requires a greater amount of fermentation to make it light; in fact, it can hardly be made into a light loaf with any amount of fermentation, unless mixed with some other grain. Rye seems well adapted to this purpose from its greater amount of gum, and the mixture of these two grains is a public favorite. But few seem to suspect the mischief done by the yeast even in the taste of the "Boston Brown bread." I once had some of that article direct from the "Hub" sent by a manufacturer to his sister, and therefore presumed to be a fair specimen. Yeast and molasses were decidedly its prominent flavors. There is no necessity for making it with yeast. I have eaten it in Rhode Island made without yeast, but it was currently reported to be largely composed of crumbs, the remnants of other bakings of various sorts. Its taste was unexceptionable. I know that bread crumbs enough will make it pliable, but that is not always convenient nor agreeable, and certainly not necessary. Scald thoroughly two quarts coarse corn-meal; then add one gill of sirup, (or not,) and two quarts of unbolted rye meal—made just like good wheat meal—with water enough to make a dough as stiff as can be worked with a large iron spoon; mix thoroughly, and make into a loaf three or four inches thick, in a deep pan or dish; place it on the top of the stove, where it will just simmer without burning, until it begins to crack all over the top. This will require nearly, or quite, an hour and a half. The air at the bottom expanding and rising through the mass, as in boiling water, and held by the glutinous rye, makes it light. Then put it in the oven and bake brown in two or three hours. If convenient, then cover up the fire, and let it cool with the stove. If it be mixed in the edge of a Winter evening, and thus left in through the night, it can be brought out just warm enough for breakfast the next morning, and it makes an excellent meal. It is very nutritious and wholesome, good either warm or cold; it keeps a long time, is very nice toasted, delicious steamed, capital with bean soup, and too good in many ways to have a single crumb of it wasted. The only difficulty is that people are prone, especially at first, to eat too much of it, and then lay the loosening effects to the bread, rather than to their own greediness. Those already accustomed to eat freely of corn-meal require less caution.

This may be varied and, perhaps, to some tastes improved, by adding a few boiled beans, or perhaps a little stewed pumpkin. And this reminds me of a fine loaf of wheat meal bread made by a famous housekeeper of my acquaint-

ance for her last Thanksgiving dinner. It was made with about a quart of stewed and strained pumpkin to a three-quart-pan loaf of bread. I confess I partook of it with some gusto in spite of its being fermented. An excellent pumpkin "johnny-cake" may be made by taking equal parts good stewed pumpkin and dry corn-meal. Scald half the latter, add the remainder, with the pumpkin and a little sugar, with water enough to make quite a thick batter. Or add one-third pumpkin to the above "mixed johnny-cake," made of wheat and corn-meal.

Oatmeal makes a very tender breakfast cake, the most readily prepared of any thing we put into the oven. Wet oatmeal with water until it can be easily shaken down flat, pour one-half to three-fourths of an inch thick, and bake until the surface is slightly brown. It is not at all exacting in the amount of heat required. It is good with little, better with more, and not spoiled with quite a high degree, provided, of course, that it is not burned. It is, in fact, one of the most accommodating materials on the bread catalogue. In the first place, the amount of water used in wetting it up may be greatly varied. It may be wet up hard, spread out on a bread board and baked before the fire, as they say is often done in the isles of Scotia and Erin. Again, for a hasty bread with very little fire, it may be stirred stiff and baked on a griddle. The oatmeal flavor is not quite so marked as in the "mush," and most people like it on first trial. It can also be made up with wheat meal and with corn-meal, better with the latter, in proportions of one-third corn-meal to two-thirds of the oatmeal.

An experiment just tried demonstrates very prettily the accommodating nature of oatmeal. The meal was wet with cold water till two or three spoonfuls of the latter ran freely on the surface of the mixture. This batter was poured into a frying-pan to the depth of half an inch more or less, covered close, and set upon a stove just hot enough to bake it without burning. In fifteen minutes the cake was turned out, light, sweet, tender, with a deliciously crisp under-crust, and far more wholesome than a whole stack of griddle-cakes. This may seem hardly dignified enough for the ordinary family breakfast-table, though it needs nothing but custom to make it so; yet many a housewife will be glad to produce such a dish for the early breakfast of some friend who must hurry off to the train; and many an obstinate coal fire may be cheated out of its vexatious dilatoriness by thus putting the breakfast cake on the top of the stove instead of in the oven.

Griddle-cakes are acknowledged not to be the

best form of food, even by people who do not take the trouble to look into the reason of things. If made up with yeast or with saleratus, it is evident they must contain all the unwholesome ingredients of common warm bread, and these with the addition of being saturated with melted butter and sirup, ought to be sufficient to banish them from the tables of those who really care for health. Buckwheat is by general consent considered less healthful than wheat. We know that its flavor is heavy and close, and that it is difficult, if not impossible, to make it into a light, tender loaf. Many farmers insist that the grain itself is injurious to animals that feed upon it. If people will eat it they will find it very much improved, and the cakes far more tender by adding to it about one-fourth corn or one-third wheat meal. But it would be much better to displace it entirely by the use of wheat meal, which makes very fine griddle-cakes—if any thing made up with yeast or soda can be called fine—with the advantage of being able to bake them all before the meal is commenced. I learned in the West, many years ago, that wheat griddle-cakes improve by standing—warmly covered—some minutes before eating.

To make griddle-cakes perfectly wholesome, it is best to prepare a smooth porridge of any coarse mush, as cracked wheat, small hominy, oatmeal, rice, or even bread crumbs, about one gill of mush for a quart of the batter, which is made by the addition of cold water and wheat meal, sifting in the latter and stirring slowly until as thick as wanted, and bake at once. Cover warm and close until all are cooked, and then serve. When freshly cooked they will be moist and sticky. If they are so after standing you have used too much mush; if hard and heavy you have used too little. By taking much pains to sift in slowly in stirring, they can be made very good with simple wheat meal and water. Oatmeal and water make good griddle-cakes, but they can not be turned very conveniently. A mixture of oat and wheat meal is more readily handled, but none of them quite so good as the hasty oatmeal breakfast-cake previously given.

All these griddle-cakes are perfectly wholesome in themselves, though not quite so spongy as those made with yeast or soda. They may be eaten with the steak and chop, or trimmed milk or sweets, or with a white sauce made by thickening milk with wheat meal. But the practice is so common to eat them with melted butter and greasy gravies, that few people care for them without these trimmings, and neither adults nor children are easily corrected of such tastes. The best way to effect a change and avoid dis-

putes, is to banish the whole catalogue of grid-dle-cakes—relieve yourself, or your daughter, or your faithful servant of the tax of bending the head over the heated stove, and filling the lungs and the clothing, and the house with the offensive odor of burning fat, and put no more temptations to bad trimming before those who are not wise enough to resist them. An abundance of good substitutes may readily be obtained.

Bake in the oven some of the wholesome varieties of bread given here and heretofore, and serve them warm—not hot—or turn back to the chapter on "Grains," in the January Repository, and have some of those pleasant and wholesome mushes, or have both, and enjoy yourselves and your eating more sensibly, and find yourselves better fitted for the duties of the day before you.

POLITICAL MANAGEMENT.

THE system of great parties involves a thorough organization and a working management. This again involves the outlay of time and money. A party is a kind of nation with officers, representatives, and a treasury. Such a body, extending throughout the country, existing outside of law, and controlled by irresponsible wills, has in it some elements of danger. It is only by a management exceptionally pure that it can escape deserving condemnation, since action restrained only by interest is not usually of a highly moral character. The party treasury, for instance, is collected and disbursed without accountability—whoever acts as treasurer is not bound to show by items how much he received or how it was expended. There are usually several distinct treasuries for distinct purposes, and they are usually managed by some member of a committee whose instructions are ordinarily "power to act," which means, do as you please and secure victory if possible.

Think a little of the consequences of this vague but real power to obtain money as you can and spend it as you please. And first, what are the sources of party revenue? They are contributions levied upon office-holders, collections made from wealthy members of the party, and public funds obtained by various indirect methods. The assessments upon office-holders are really, as a rule, collected from the people, for the salaries have been fixed high to meet this party need in all cases where it is possible so to fix them. The system of fees is retained in city and county offices, and some others, because the large salaries so collected escape public criticism, and are much larger

than could be given by the most corrupt Legislature.

The contributions obtained from wealthy members of the party are in part a really honest source of income. No right is more clear than that of spending one's money to advance his opinion by honest means. A considerable part of these contributions are under this rule—the donors desire to aid in the triumph of their party. But some of them, even when apparently under this rule, are found on closer examination to be given with the hope of immediate profit. Manufacturers sometimes contribute in order to retain a duty on foreign goods like their own, or to secure the levying of such a duty. On the other side, merchants contribute hoping to secure the repeal of certain duties. In each case the sum given is a small investment expected to return large profits. It is customary for each party to array these lists, of manufacturers on one side, of merchants on the other, and charge that such sums are a corruption fund.

That this is a dangerous field of legislation is shown by this money conflict between merchants and manufacturers, and by the fact that some members of Congress represent little more than the iron-mills of their districts. The best argument for free trade is, that tariffs begin, continue, and end in corruption; interested voting, interested assessment and collection; frauds in elections, in laws, and in custom-houses. The system is an effort to promote public interests *through promoting private interests*; subsidizing the manufacturer that he may diversify our industries. It is a dangerous method. What we now note is that contributions from the two opposing classes for party purposes are not made upon principle, but upon the hope of interest.

Another portion of these donations is even less free from corrupt motive. The donors are candidates for office—taxed in advance by assessing their aspirations. Considered simply as a branch of the art of politics, this last form of taxation is truly admirable. The State never succeeds in getting taxes from all that men have; it is only the party that gets tribute from what men hope to have. What a field for finance! Shall we see a statesman who will make human aspiration yield him revenues? In the party the income from this source is peculiarly rich and certain. How easy it is for the manager to manure the ground and increase his crop indefinitely!

Only one man can hold an office; a hundred may seek it. The manager has only to encourage the desponding, inspire the unambitious, and regulate the journalistic estimates of candidates,

in order to obtain donations from several candidates for every office. In a recent election \$30,000 seems to have been the price of aspiring to the United States Senate, and one candidate appealed to the gratitude of the party by giving \$50,000.

Much pains have been taken to keep the chances of poor men for office open; but this element of party finance has come to exclude the poor from many offices in some States. I suppose a poor man could not be chosen to the United States Senate from New York, unless he had by extraordinary ability secured the support of the people. The dice are loaded to the detriment of poverty. The money-power of the rich candidate helps him all along the road to office; but its first value is the claim it establishes upon the party manager. The candidate has invested ten thousand dollars in the enterprise of office-hunting, and he takes care to have certain advantages in the canvass. If he is an orator, his appointments are arranged to suit his aspirations, and in any case he secures from the press of his party frequent and honorable mention as an excellent piece of senatorial timber.

The other source of revenue—public funds—must be spoken of with caution. One element of it is, however, open enough. The Post-Office Department, which is bankrupt to the figure of five millions a year, is thought rich enough to carry all the political mails for nothing; or, rather, its hopeless poverty is produced by this tax upon its resources. The continuance of the franking privilege in spite of public condemnation is one of many proofs that most of our legislation is irresponsible. Congressmen who are "sound on the main question" can afford to defy the public upon such trivial questions as arise from the use of public money.

It is believed that lobbying is utilized by able party managers. The lobby is in general the agent of private legislation. It is not wholly so; good men go for good purposes to the capitals and become a part of the lobby; but a greater part of this third house is collected to secure the passage of bills to promote the interests of persons and corporations.

In an early stage the lobby deals with individuals; that is, it manipulates certain members of the legislative body. In time, however, it assumes a more organic form, and the lobbyist acts upon clusters of men. Here the skillful party manager finds his account. He knows his members, and can treat with the lobbyist on the noble basis of *quid pro quo*. He has a majority vote to sell; the lobbyist has greenbacks to exchange for them.

It is further believed that certain appropriations are made for party purposes. A "contingent fund" is not usually very rigidly accounted for by those to whom it is paid. Of course, dear reader, your party never does this, but your papers from time to time accuse the other party of such transactions, and you know *that* party is mean enough to do any thing.

The aggregate amount collected from all these sources is very large. In the city of New York alone it is said that the dominant party spent nine hundred thousand dollars in the election of 1869. This single example suggests a very large national tax collected for the maintenance of parties. If it be true, as it must be, that all these funds are so much added to our taxes, is it not worth while to consider whether we can well afford the expense? Does it pay?

Party expenditures very much resemble the income, in morals. There is a perfectly honest kind of expenditure—for the diffusion of information; but the term is made to cover many varieties of information and many methods of diffusion. We can see how a party needs to publish pamphlets, or tracts, setting forth its principles and policy; and, within reasonable limits, the practice is a sign of intelligent political life.

The items under the information bills are, however, of diverse character. The candidates for office usually speak without compensation and pay their own expenses. But in recent years the practice of "hiring" foreign speakers—politicians from other States—has been widely introduced, and is believed to pay the best orators as well as a lecture season. It is not quite safe to find fault. A member of Congress only receives, in all, about \$7,000 per annum, and life in the village of Washington is notoriously expensive. Besides, what right have I to complain that in his vacations our law-maker turns an honest penny by lecturing on politics? It is not meant, then, to suggest a corrupt transaction, so much as to point out that our patriot takes a fee for proving to us that the salvation of the country depends upon the success of his client.

Information is diffused by the press. In ordinary circumstances, the wages collected from the party are advertising bills which are often somewhat roughly estimated. But peculiar circumstances develop special appropriations made to "independent" journals, and occasionally a paper is founded to meet an emergency. The objectionable features in these transactions lie in the details, the tone, the special immorality of separate transactions; it is not pleasant to feel that the newspaper we trust makes its

opinions a matter of traffic, or that it is secretly rewarded for doing what we think right. That journals, which publish every thing else, omit these current accounts with the party managers, suggests that the facts are not thought fit for general contemplation.

A good deal of manufactured information, of something worse than worthless texture, is often thrown on the market. False statements sent off on the eve of election day, and often sent to rural districts below the average of enlightenment; consciously perverted facts or garbled statistics; slanderous accusations; lying promises; these are a few deductions to be made from the bills for information. They decrease the knowledge of the people; they inflame prejudice at the expense of intelligence. Nor is it true that those who sin suffer the penalty by being distrusted. Nothing is so easy as successful political lying in the heat of a contest; then, of all times the most unsafe, people read mainly their own party documents and listen mainly to their own organs of information.

If, therefore, it be said that a considerable part of the money professedly paid for informing the public mind is actually spent to deceive, mislead, and inflame, all who know any thing of the conduct of "the other party" will agree in our condemnation of this item in the bill.

The payment of the committees who manage the party is an unknown quantity which no algebraic formula can develop. The active members live well, spend money freely, treat their friends in all sorts of ways, and have generally the air of persons to whom economy has never delivered curtain lectures. It is a very pleasant sight to see the indifference to expense, the freedom from all sense of restriction in resources, which appear in the multitudinous bar-room drinks, restaurant suppers, carriage hire, etc., of a successful manager. Whether there is any distinction between his own money and that of the party will probably never be known in this world. He has contrived to impress upon us that party accounts are incendiary documents, to compel us to take his word for his honesty and to sport in his Summer's sea of glory without interference with his gambols. He has, we have learned, two sides represented by income and outlay. It is on the last that his celestial splendors appear; when asking for income he is only a mortal.

Another item of party expense is made in obtaining information. The probable lists of voters on each side are sometimes important. By ascertaining nearly the relative strength of friends and foes, the labors of orators and the streams of intelligence may be poured upon the

districts that promise to reward labor. So far no objection arises. But there is another use to which such information is applied: if voters are plenty in New York and scarce in Philadelphia, the inequality of supply and demand may be regulated. To know where to send the devoted voter willing to do any thing for the party, has proved useful knowledge—that is, it has carried elections.

It is fairly presumed that "repeaters," "colonists," and the rest of the class of illegal voters, are ordinarily expensive luxuries. Men usually charge for services of danger according to the risk. Enormous election bills usually smell of illegal voting.

The efforts made to quench the thirst of voters are not praiseworthy, but they are costly. The "saloons" have a decided advantage over the manager in adjusting accounts, for their influence is valuable, and their knowledge of this fact perfect. Voting may be confined to one day, but drinking begins and ends with the campaign. There is a looseness about the whole system of imbibing at the expense of the party which opens all sorts of doors to extravagance, and managers fear publicity too much to make any serious resistance to demands. These bills have been found on the way to settlement three months after an election, suggesting that the claimant had a habit of replenishing his stock by drafts on the party. Of course one must have been a manager to know just how all this underground party life goes on; the writer claims only to have seen a few incidents attending party outlays. A manager's account rendered by items in full detail would not perhaps be comfortable reading, but it would be very instructive.

Party management in a city involves a considerable number of employes, whose salaries and expenses are as vague as their duties. They certainly cost money. The manager is rather apt to be the center of a group of patriots who devote themselves to the country for a consideration. In money matters the manager does not much differ, in his relations to them, from the chief of a band of robbers. He has obtained by their aid considerable sums of money, which he and they are to devote to a general purpose. No account is to be rendered; diverting these moneys is not very difficult at "flush" seasons; but no one person will be allowed to hide a great deal of it. In short, it is not to be expected that the gentlemen who organize victory shall take none of the spoils. If any odd bills remain in the treasury they are not given to orphans or widows. Now and then a manager grows so fast in expensive

tastes, and expands his life so generously as to suggest that his office is as profitable as those he gives to other men.

After all due allowance has been made, so much unpleasant matter remains that a good citizen will hardly contemplate the money matters of his party with satisfaction. That such enormous sums are collected and disbursed in darkness; that the income is swelled by such questionable items, and the expense account loaded with such a reeking mass of bad whisky and bad morals; that men without visible means of support hover about the party rooms and suck blood from the party corporation; that the manager is practically either irresponsible, or the tool of powerful aspirants; that this power behind the throne has the chest of the party at his command, and may stain its action with any frauds that money can buy; that, in short, our system is such that the purest patriotism and the noblest principle can not save us from being responsible for crimes done with our money by our agent—all these things ought to cool our political fervors.

The party organization is partly open and partly "strictly private." It is all plain sailing when a meeting or a convention is called and meets. It is what happens before the meeting is called to order that puzzles weak understandings. When a half dozen well-dressed gentlemen tell us they have found a good chance to build a railroad, and unroll a printed statement showing us how to make fortunes by taking stock, the simple-minded invest, if disposed thereto, without further parley. The old soldier in these railroad enterprises asks some questions about the "ground floor" of the undertaking—"I see you have spent half a million to get the thing going; pray now what did that half million *cost* you?"

A political meeting in this respect resembles a stock company; there is an underground floor, and it is here that organization tells and pays. Nobody calls a public meeting until he has made the necessary arrangements for working it.

It will not do, of course, to have every body talking at random, to give vent to every loose opinion, to let all scramble for every good thing. "We must come to an understanding. You, gentlemen from Scrub Oak, can have the coroner; select your man, and do not disturb the harmony of the Convention by wrangling. Flagtop must have one clerk and Basdrum may take the other. Let us fix this matter so as to show a united front to the enemies of the nation." The process of artificial selection, the struggle for life, the starving out and pushing

aside, is all organized and executed in the dark, in street corners, in saloons, in back offices. Somebody can tell you what is certain and what is doubtful when the hour of voting comes in convention. If a struggle remains, it is because organizing genius has met its Waterloo. It is a very noble way of governing the country, and the people are sovereigns. What would you have? There must be an understanding, and all these gentlemen do is to promote harmony.

And yet these peace-makers are called *rings*. They harmonize so effectually that they select candidates and furnish conventions with nominations made to order. It is easier to get past St. Peter into heaven than to get before a convention as a candidate without consent of the ring. The irregularities and caprices of the people are restrained and regulated. Law is enthroned in the party; nominations have some significance; men take their turns; victories organize victories; a political kosmos comes out of all this surging and swaying of the masses. It is worth while to serve a party—if you are in favor with the ring—there is an element of order and certainty in political movements. If you are promised a thing and pay for it, you will get it.

Every political meeting has a rudimentary ring; it may be so unconscious and self-forgetful as to provoke no attention; but the political party in the city is nothing if it be not a ring. In a crowd there must be a police.

The arts by which majorities in conventions are secured are too various for description. Blandishments and intimidations; promises and threats; knowledge of men's errors, sins, frailties, aspirations; soft flatteries, and the war of mobs; the undecided are won by resounding cheers for a favorite candidate; the obdurate of heart are made to seem impracticable or selfish; we are always overflowing with kindness and good-will—these are a hint only of the range of manipulative skill.

A small majority may in some political meetings be overcome by the prompt attendance of the minority who choose a chairman gifted with a powerful vision for his friends, and a weak one for his antagonists. Indeed, the powers of a chairman—not perhaps greater than need—are a severe check on freedom of political action. The party out of favor in his eyes must sometimes fight at great disadvantage, and choose between enduring his imperial sway and disorganization. It is an element of political action which tends always to lower the per cent. of free choice.

Providence has mercifully ordained that no

ring can very long exist. It is tempted to stretch until it breaks. But this does not mean that escape from one ring frees us from rings. On the other hand, the rupture of one is usually made by another. A city usually has a good supply of ring timber. In Chicago, in 1869, a few gentlemen organized a party, made their nominations without appeal to conventions, and in a few weeks conquered the city and county. But they were not novices, but men inured to politics, and familiar with every corner of the city and every political element within it. The new ring was able to crush the old, because it added to equal powers the ability to array popular odium against its antagonist.

From rings there is no escape while the prizes in these contests are so large as to invite organization, and the parties so large and helpless as to require vigorous management. Time, and skill, and money must be employed to collect and build up the materials of the party, and to prevent the destruction of the edifice by the shock of rivalries.

It occasionally happens that a political question eats up all others, and by a rare chance all issues may take position in two opposing ranks; but in general the opinions of honest thinkers leave them astride the party line. The questions and issues grow numerous and complicated with our civilization, and every year makes it more difficult to separate the people neatly into two parties. The managers will for a time keep the cumbrous machine moving by force of genius, and the use of that vast fund of knowledge which our party system has accumulated. At the same time rings must oftener come to grief, scandals must multiply in our political chronicles, and the non-voting mass of citizens grow larger every year. It is useless to find fault with these non-voters. It is absurd to ask a man to choose between two things, both of which are distasteful to him; only very ignorant people will assume that a man is on one side or the other in a street fight or an election. There must be greater freedom of choice, some chance to vote what one thinks, room to condemn both parties alike.

The government of the party is absolutely necessary to success; undisciplined masses do not win fights, and elections are not carried by chance or Providence. But this Government is just as despotic as it is necessary; the greater part of its action, and the most of its reasons for action, must be concealed. The light which parties invoke or create does not fall on the stage managers or scene-shifters. The foot-lights are for the audience. But concealed and irresponsible power is our best definition of

despotism. We know not where it lies; we can not fix accountability; we can not search out the guilty and punish them; we can not repair the evils they have wrought. Above all, we are always confronted with the necessity of doing some wrong in order to do some right; of acting according to our consciences only on condition that we also act against them.

Let us not be misunderstood. It is quite possible that episodes of pure political management may visit favored States. Here and there a good man may adorn a ring; now and then a ring may be—as good as possible. The argument herein is based upon the general principle. If it had been intended to sicken with details the newspapers would afford an abundant supply. The truth is, we all feel that political management is undemocratic and corrupt. Who has not besought the women to avoid “the filthy pools of politics?” Good men instinctively caution their sons, lawyers their students, merchants their clerks, and all of us our friends, to keep out of politics. What is the matter, my masters, that we are at once so proud of our system of government, and so disgusted with our political management? There must be some error of method. The rude system of majorities and minorities can not be the only or the best way to govern the people, “by the people and for the people.” There must be a science of democratic expression, or some general principles governing it, which lies outside of the rough contrivance, imitated from a prize fight, of finding out which is the strongest party.

CHRISTIANITY AND EDUCATION.

SECOND PAPER.

WE saw in a former article how Christianity necessarily enters as an element into the education of Christendom, by constituting a department of Christian learning. Let us now look at its influence on education.

And, first, let us glance at some of the general features of its influence. The germs of Christian truth existed at least two thousand years shut up in the surroundings of Judaism; but they produced but little influence on the moral character or the literature of the world, because withheld from the world by Jewish exclusion, and bounded in their influence by the mountains of Palestine. Here, however, they had their influence, partially indeed, because they were themselves but dimly revealed and obscurely apprehended. Yet they gave to the ancient people of God a more substantial civilization, a more sublime philosophy, a higher

type of social life, and a more diffused education. "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord," was both a commandment and a product of Judaism.

It was not, however, until the germ truths of Divine Revelation received their clearer illustration from the lessons of Jesus, and were expanded into the higher and perfected system of Christianity, and by his authority were sent into all the world, mingling with the thoughts and penetrating the knowledge of all people, that Christianity began to exert its true influence on human learning. "The kingdom of heaven," said the Divine Teacher, "is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." By Him was perfected the system of truth which was to reform the world, and by his authority were its elements thrown out like leaven into the strange mass of truth and error which filled the minds of men. At once they began to work. Slowly they insinuated themselves into the intellect of the world; gradually they made conquest of mind after mind. They awakened new trains of thought; they came into contact and collision with old systems; they convinced men of the absurdity of old errors, and their light pointed the way to new truths. It was not to be expected that the human mind would at once lay hold of a new religion—that human opinions and systems, however erroneous, would at once be overwhelmed by it, and give way before it. Nor was it thus in actual history. It gently insinuated itself into the world's heart, awakened the world's thought, emancipated it from old errors, and imparted to it a new and vigorous impulse in the pursuit of truth.

But little was accomplished in the early history of Christianity in enlarging the sphere or improving the methods of education. The first centuries of her history were centuries of conflict with old systems, which must be removed out of the way; and that conflict was long and fearful, presenting a multiplicity of phases, and recurring in manifold forms. Old foundations had to be upturned, religions had to be supplanted, errors had to be eliminated, philosophies had to be refuted, old civilizations had to be reformed, governments had to be modified, political complications had to be unraveled. The first influences of Christianity were upon mind itself, setting it free from the moral, the philosophical, and the political chains which bound it, and placing it in an attitude to receive and impart the highest elements of education.

Hence "for a long period, even after the introduction of Christianity among the nations of Europe, the education of the young seems

to have been in a great measure neglected. During the long reign of Papal superstition and tyranny, which lasted for nearly one thousand years, education appears to have been entirely set aside, or, at least, to have formed no prominent object of attention. The common people grew up, from infancy to manhood, ignorant of the most important subjects, having their understandings darkened by superstition, their moral powers perverted, and their rational faculties bewildered and degraded by an implicit submission to the foolish ceremonies and absurdities inculcated by their ecclesiastical dictators; and even many in the higher ranks of life, distinguished for their wealth and influence in society, were so untutored in the first elements of learning that they could neither read nor write." (Dick.)

It was not till the era of the Reformation that seminaries for the instruction of the young began to be organized and permanently established. It was then learning had her great revival; a new impulse was given to the human mind; a bold spirit of inquiry was excited among the people; the fallacies and absurdities, as well as the despotisms of Romanism, were set aside; the legendary tales of monkish superstition were discarded, a taste for useful knowledge was diffused among the masses, the study of ancient literature was revived, the Scriptures were given to the people; man was again free; and from that period schools and seminaries began to be multiplied throughout the countries of Christendom.

Christianity, herself now set free from human chains, was ready to give to the world the widest field of learning and the highest style of education. She began to impress her own expanding and diffusive character on human knowledge, and to breathe her own earnest spirit into systems and methods of education. Her brightest achievements, and her most powerful influence, have been exhibited, first of all, in enlarging the sphere, exalting the importance, and improving the methods of education. The light of her divine truths has shed a luster over childhood, and a glory over the human mind that never could gush from the darkness of Paganism or from a soulless philosophy. Gently murmuring in the ear of parents and teachers, "*of such is the kingdom of heaven*," she throws an air of sacredness over infancy and youth, from which parents realize an idea of the value of their "household gems," and teachers comprehend the magnitude of the work committed to their hands. Claiming universal diffusion for herself, she carries universal education with her. Teaching that God is no

respector of persons, as they stand in the naked dignity of human nature before him, she has diffused the idea of equality, and has taught Christianized humanity that every poor man, as well as every rich one, has the undoubted birth-right to religious instruction and the elements of knowledge. Touching the springs of human charity, she has opened up to education the fountains of benevolence, and is crowning the hills and adorning the valleys with universities, and colleges, and seminaries. Revealing clearer views of human society, she teaches man to purify the moral atmosphere about him, "to keep good sentiments uppermost, to turn the strong current of feeling and opinion against ignorance, immorality, and crime, and to expect more from the prevalence of enlightened and well-principled moral sentiment than from the censures of law or the punishments of crime." Hence she is planting on every square of our cities and towns, and embowering in the groves about our villages and farm-houses, the public school-house. She has taught us the lesson that enlightened virtue is the source and guardian of human happiness, but that she herself is the source and palladium of that virtue.

But Christianity also comes to us as an agent in the investigation of truth; thus enlarging and perfecting the sphere of our knowledge.

Human science has made great and rapid strides in modern times, but it has only been in Christian countries—it has been where God's own Revelation has been shedding its light over his own works. Christianity has cleared the intellectual vision of the world; has moved old errors out of the way; has given right direction to human thought and scientific investigation; has furnished wholesome boundaries to philosophy, beyond which she has shown to lie the useless regions of superstition; she has discarded speculation, and taught us to look for facts, to reason from these alone, and avoid profitless hypothesis. She has given us the Baconian methods of searching for truth, instead of the ancient guesses, which only led to error. Science has consented to lay aside some of her ancient pride and to accept help—to take with her as guide and interpreter the volume of inspiration, and to read in the light of the Creator's revelation the mysteries and problems of his creation.

What results may be expected to follow from such a union? Rather what results have already followed? The co-operation of science and Revelation, the harmonious mingling of God's wisdom and man's science, is the secret of the mighty impetus which moves modern society, and which gives to modern science its

great power and astonishing success. By this union man has been freed from the dominion of imagination working without facts, of speculation moving without data, of hypothesis built without foundations. He is safely conducted over the chasm of fancy and superstition, and is furnished with the true instruments of investigation and with great fundamental principles, true and fixed, from which to start on his explorations of the vast field of God's works. Under these new circumstances Nature freely yields her secrets; the origin, design, and destiny of the world unfold themselves before our investigations; the mysteries and problems of human life and history arrange themselves in order and harmony; and the very elements of Nature become subservient to human science and art. "The day is coming when science, literature, and religion, already daughters of one family, shall be dwellers in one home." Science shall shade her torch and stoop her telescope before the throne of the Eternal. Literature shall pursue her studies, and dream her dreams in the magic atmosphere of heaven's own day; and religion shall take her two sisters by the hand, smile on them with the serene and majestic love of a superior nature, introduce them to the presence chamber of the King of Kings, and in a threefold cord shall be united with them forever."

Again, Christianity has exerted its powerful influence on human society, placing it in the most favorable attitude for the highest achievements of education, giving it a civilization which only springs from her benign influence, characterized by elevation of sentiment, refinement of manners, activity in every department of life, wide-spread charities, equality of sexes, and liberality of government. These are the circumstances most favorable to imparting and acquiring education. It is in such an atmosphere the mind works most freely; it is here she has made her loftiest flights and achieved her sublimest triumphs. But these circumstances are the products of Christianity. "We are compelled to admit, as a fact of history," said Coleridge, "that we owe the largest part of our present knowledge, directly or indirectly, to the Bible; and that Christianity, however much we may neglect it, and turn aside to quote other guides and authorities in morals, politics, and history, has been the main lever by which the moral and intellectual character of Europe has been raised to its present comparative height." And how Christianity accomplishes this result is naively told us by an old English divine: "Were a man designed only like a fly, to buzz about here for a time, sucking in the air,

and licking the dew, we would expect him to be but a sorry and despicable thing, and such, without religion, we should be. But it supplieth us with business of a most worthy nature and lofty importance; it setteth us upon doing things great and noble; it engageth us to free our minds from all fond conceits, and to cleanse our hearts from all corrupt affections, to curb our brutish appetites, to tame our wild passions, to correct our perverse inclinations, to conform the dispositions of our souls and the actions of our life to the eternal laws of righteousness and goodness. It putteth us upon the imitation of God, and aiming at the resemblance of his perfections; upon obtaining a friendship, and maintaining a correspondence with the highest and purest beings in the universe." (Barrows.)

One feature in this Christian civilization we must not forget—the equality of the sexes. Christianity alone, of all the religions or philosophies which have been found among men, has opened the door of the school-house to the female sex, and thrown open the proud walks of science and the fields of literature to women. Other civilizations have permitted some sporadic cases of learned women. Egypt, and Greece, and Rome, and India, and China point to a few illustrious names; but these had risen to eminence by their own efforts and genius, and in spite of the general exclusion of their sex from every department of learning, while we nowhere discover in any of these great States any provision whatever being made for female education. The advantage that Christianized countries have gained over ancient and modern pagan States that have excluded women from participation in the benefits of education, is incalculable. Not only have we been delivered from a great national evil, and a fruitful source of national weakness and degeneracy, in the form of ignorant and uneducated women, but we have gained the positive advantage of the powerful influence of woman refined, exalted, and educated.

Christianity has given to woman a moral equality and an equal destiny with man himself, and she has given back to Christian civilization the powerful influences of educated wives, and mothers, and daughters. We have realized here the sublime vision of the prophet—"a wheel within a wheel"—mutually supporting each other, and bringing forth magnificent results in every revolution. Like the fertile earth, educated woman has paid back to society her gifts a hundredfold. She has only received the seed, that she might transform it into life and beauty, and present to the world a glorious harvest of joy and gladness. Says De Tocqueville, in his

work on the United States, "I can only ascribe the inspiring principle of American greatness, to the superior character of their women." And so it must be, if this progress in civilization is of the true kind, founded on the morality of the Bible. Woman is the appointed preserver of whatever is good, and pure, and true in humanity. She is the first teacher. The fountain of public order, refinement, intelligence, morality, and religion, is not primarily the school, but the family; and over this fountain woman, as the wife, mother, sister, is the presiding spirit. Let the enchanted wand which she there waves be guided by intelligence and virtue, and the whole mass of society, like Peter's sheet, is lifted by the four corners toward heaven. "We hear much," says a nervous writer, "of the power of the *press*; the most salutary and powerful *press* is that of the intelligent and loving mother, who draws her youthful sons to her bosom and, melting their hearts by love, molds them to manly virtue and lofty aims." It is thus that society is formed in its social and moral ideas, and it is thus, too, that educated woman reflects back the genial sunshine of her own character and position, on the moral, and social, and intellectual life of Christian nations.

But we must glance at the influence of Christianity on the individual mind itself, and for a moment contemplate it as a powerful agent, assisting the student himself as he enters upon the life-labor of mental cultivation. Christianity only transforms society, as she transforms the individual, and only exhibits to the world the profoundest and sublimest triumphs of mind, as she throws around the individual and inspires within him the most powerful adjuncts to intellectual activity. It required not only Christianized society, but sanctified thought, to produce such colossal specimens of intellectual power and greatness, as Newton and Milton. With the mind filled with truth that has come from God, the soul imbued with the activities of a heaven-inspired religion, and the heart purified by its genial influence, man is prepared to walk with a firm step through the universe of God; to look with a clear, penetrating eye into nature's secrets, and to seize with a bold, strong hand the problems of life. Such a man finds in God a starting-point in pursuit of truth; a firm foundation for his reasonings; a link to all that is permanent; a skylight without which the temple of truth would be a tomb.

"Galileo, the starry sage, who first unraveled the map of the sky, was a Christian. Michael Angelo, the greatest painter that ever stamped his strong soul in canvas; the greatest sculptor

that ever wrought his terrible conceptions into marble; the greatest architect that ever piled and suspended the thought of genius between earth and heaven was a Christian; and some of his sonnets, written in his old age, breathe the purest spirit of Christian resignation and Christian love. Lord Bacon, the prince of modern philosophers, was a believer. And need I speak of John Milton, who laid the brightest crown of earthly genius meekly at the foot of the cross, and sprinkled the waters of Castalia on the roses in the garden of God! Isaac Newton passed through the same suns and systems with La Place, and with a yet bolder wing; and yet, from the utmost verge of creation, from those dim regions—the dust of which is worlds—came back to the little hill Calvary, and never rejoiced more than when worshipping in that scene of suffering and shame. He was a little child at the feet of Christ, as well as a little child beside the great ocean of unexplored immensity, for he knew right well that the spirit of reception for the Gospel of nature and the Gospel of grace was in both the same; except we receive both as a child in the spirit of obedience, faith, humility, and love, we shall in no wise enter into either."

Religion is not a theory, but a life, not only a faith, but an operative principle, from which the affections and faculties receive a new impulse; by which the dark understanding is illuminated, the judgment improved, the reason intensified, and the imagination chastened. "It presses all the capacities of the soul into a new service and allegiance; it gives the whole frame and constitution of the mind a nobler bent, to its activity a sublimer aim, to its vacillating desires a fixed object, to its vagrant purposes a settled home."

Purity of heart gives strength to the mind, and sublimity of faith lifts it up, as on the wings of eagles, to build its nest upon the rocks of truth, high as it can reach toward heaven. Under the influence of such a faith, how all the faculties of the soul open as flowers to the Summer's sun! How every feeling points upward to the things that are unseen and eternal! What hidden seeds germinate into life and beauty; what dormant powers spring forth into activity; what sublime visions draw the soul into still higher spheres of thought; what profound emotions thrill the inner life; what powerful motives inspire the patient zeal, the hopeful activity of the soul, whose light is God, whose guide is eternal truth, and whose destiny is heaven! How utterly irrational, then, is any attempt in a Christian nation to conduct a system of education divorced from Christianity!

MY CHINESE COOK.

THE remembrance of my Chinese cook, Aguwée, was brought vividly to my mind by the admirable picture of the "Yankee Kitchen" at Bethel Fair. Every housekeeper feels with despair, in this scene of smartly scoured thrift and homely industry, that it is a reflex of the puritanical matron of those days. Clear of wit and strong of limb, she knew the ingredients of her every soup and pie as she did her Ten Commandments, and abhorred dirt as she did the seven sins. If she did not reign sole as well as supreme in the kitchen, the work was divided with stirring young women known as "helps," ambitious likewise of becoming the model housekeeper.

But our own kitchens at home. Do they ever present, except on some spasmodic "clairing-up day," even a faint semblance of this model? It is true that our piquant damsels from the Emerald Isle are very ambitious, but it is in the style of our chignon, and the liberties of the free and equal American citizen, that they would emulate us. That these peculiar aspirations do not add to the harmony of our homes is a notable fact. The freed woman is only a little behind in these aspirations, with many other failings. Our German girls, after becoming intelligible, are recaptured by young Hans to care for his cabbages. As for our compatriot sisters who "hire out," the possible, nay, probable mothers of our future Presidents, every one knows they are too thoroughly American to live with. And without servants, these plagues of our lives, could we ourselves, O matrons of the present day, sustain a "New England kitchen?" Evidently no. The question is invidious. With weak nerves, precocious children, and the great social problem of the age to solve in societies and meetings innumerable, we have neither time nor strength left to be queens of the kitchen. As long as man is not our equal in philosophy over depressed bread and bilious shirts, the kitchens and laundries are our largest closets of skeletons. What shall we do? A man Friday awaits us all, in the Chinese who are pouring into our country, and, as I have already appropriated him, I offer an experience of two years with a veritable celestial cook. So pleasant is the task that I must be excused if beguiled into painting Aguwée's portrait, and telling of his national traits as well as of his culinary career. The Mongolian character has points as unique as its obtuseness to the sacred rights missionaries and girl babies have to life. I may as well confess that this disregard of our sex and religion, together

with the bird's-nest and opium diet, formed in my mind a violent prejudice to the natives of the flowery kingdom. Then women are instinctive believers in muscular manhood. These lank, scrawny limbs, the drooping glance, the half-long garments, the long back braid of hair, impressed me with the same uncanny puzzled feeling one has at first seeing Dr. Mary Walker. Also, I was assured they could not resist stealing chickens, and the nineteenth century has less endurance for petty speculation than for grand. These prejudices must be shared by many. Hear how they were overcome.

It was in the heights of the Sierra Nevadas that I found my representative celestial. By the way, I met Mark Twain there too. Shall I tell you of him after I am through with my Chinaman? I had expected, when taking possession of my little home, to adopt an Indian girl. Unfortunately the Diggers and Pihtes are not the originals of Cooper's noble creations. They were at that time in a war with each other, and ravaged by the small-pox. The Biddies of that elevated region are unusually high notioned, owing to the scarcity of the sex and species, and consultations with several convinced me that the obligations of the mistress would be too great. While in this dilemma I dined at a quartz mill in a distant cañon, and the pleasantest feature of the rude mining menage was the exquisite neatness of the mess-room. The pine tables and floors were scrubbed to whiteness. The tin cups and plates shone like silver. This my host accredited to his servant, a bright-colored young Chinaman, and warmly commended him to me as the most industrious and tractable of creatures. When I anxiously inquired about his morale he assured me that Aguwee was too arrant a coward to do wrong, adding that he was more like a woman than a man. No notice whatever was taken of this invidious remark, as woman's rights were not then asserted. Besides, hanging being the popular punishment to the Chinaman for thieving and lesser offenses, I had sympathy with his lack of moral courage.

Aguwee's recommendation of himself was not very encouraging. "Washie vely well, no cookie, no sweepie, no stealie, vely good John. One week no dollar; two week, ten dollar; three week, ten dollar; four week, ten dollar."* His lingo heard for the first time, and the legerdemain gestures were very amusing. Except in learning a few more nouns Aguwee never was able to speak better, though he learned to count, cipher, and spell a little. Few coolies master

more, so we are forced to conclude that the King's English is as intricate to them as their extraordinary language is to us. Their adjectives are "vely good and vely bad;" their pronouns two, "me," and "he or him." "John" is their undignified term for man as a species. Their addition of "ie" or "y" to most words is comical; also their inability to pronounce the letter "r," always making it "l," is highly disgusting in the word rice, when your servant asks you if he shall cook it for dinner. Speaking of rice, they all cook it inimitably from curry down. The next evening Aguwee made his appearance at my house, with his earthly effects balanced in two bundles on a pole across the back of his neck, his lynx eyes glancing in every direction. I felt very much as if I had captured an orang-outang. On my giving him aprons to use while baking, etc., he informed me that I was a "vely good John."

His first maneuver was to touch rapidly every thing in the kitchen and larder, speaking or learning its name. By advice I gave him the responsibility of every thing. He watched me with "dumb devotion" for two days, and so great were his powers of imitation, and so exact his memory, that he never had to be shown how to do any thing but once. This is a well-known national trait, and I can not express how it saves the temper of a housekeeper. Scolding might become obsolete. Another trait is their excellence as laundrymen. Indeed, the height of ambition to the emigrant Chinaman is to own a laundry. The only independent step I ever knew Aguwee to take was to barter four loaves of his fine home-made bread for a fluting-iron. They are devoted to ironing with a small mangle and furnace, and sprinkling the clothes by filling the mouth with water, and skillfully squirting it through the teeth. I had to make terrible threats to insure my clothes from this process. According to his promise, in about a week my servant took charge of the little house, sweeping, dusting, and making beds as well, and in half the time of most girls. He was also caterer, and in this his only fault was a tendency to a routine quite unconquerable. He often walked three miles after fish on Monday, because at first I usually bought it on that day. He kept the buttons on the *lingerie*, picked up articles fallen on the floor—a most unmanly trait—and split wood for the fires, never lapsing from his routine. And in looking back Aguwee, with his tireless industry and exact memory, seems to me more like a good automaton which, wound up, would go silently and surely through the week. Of course we had some comical mistakes, from ignorance of the language and

* These were the usual wages of the country

customs. One dinner, I remember in particular, I was trying to make as little *outré* as possible, having as a guest a lady just arrived from Ohio.

I saw her eyes, however, irresistibly drawn to the strange figure and juggler-like movements of the Oriental waiter. At last, just before bringing in the dessert—I had previously charged him to remove "every thing," meaning the dishes—he suddenly stood like dumb patience at the foot of the table. Knowing it would be vain, and might be ludicrous, to give orders he could not understand, I waited too, rather nervous. A toast was jestingly given, and each glass raised. This was his opportunity, and I suppose he thought a signal, for quick as lightning he seized the bottles, and whisked the table-cloth off in a trice. My dismay at thus suddenly going back to the English custom may be better understood by telling that, in that most primitive country, my extension table was formed of part of the piano box.

He was once told sharply to leave a side of the room where he was crowding behind the chairs of some guests, and cross over where there was more space. I observed afterward that he never crossed that side of the room again. Blindly obedient and contented he always was. This servility, together with the inconceivable cowardice of the Chinaman, seems very like fidelity. But it is well always to remember that self-preservation is the first, and avarice the second law of this nature. Very human traits, you will say; yet standing alone they seem monstrous. Sagacious and expert as my automatic cook proved to be, I was forced to believe that most of his virtues were the result of fear. I never knew him to become attached to or interested in any person or thing for love's sake. To the sight of suffering he was perfectly indifferent, and delighted in cruelty to animals.

My brother visited me often, and having to come a long way through a lonely cañon, carried a brace of large pistols and a knife. These weapons he generally threw on the table as he entered the house. Aguwee was a great source of amusement to him. He would stealthily tie the long queue to the door knob, and as the cook went about his work in a sort of run, he would presently be "brought standing" in a very comic manner. This and similar pranks the Oriental endured with his everlasting smile, and always was eager to welcome my brother with his favorite dishes, and every possible attention. We supposed him quite devoted, when I was surprised to hear him express the most abject fear for the terrible armed man, evidently regarding him as a sort of Nemesis.

Again he waited on me through a long attack

of fever most untiringly day and night, but it was caused by my brother not having confidence in the hired nurse, and threatening Aguwee to cut off his queue if he did not appear every half hour at my door to receive orders. This is the most dreadful of all threats to the Chinaman; the loss of his queue making a return to his native land impossible.

At another time I certainly thought Aguwee had discovered a heart for one of his countrymen. His countenance had been in deepest gloom for several days, and he finally besought me, almost with tears, to intercede with the governor for his friend, sentenced to death for killing a China woman. All the Chinese seem to have the greatest contempt for their countrywomen in America, and, indeed, it is difficult to imagine a creature so utterly degraded and out of the reach of all humanizing influences as the few, filthy, diseased, painted females in the country at that time. I could not learn that women of the same grade or caste were any better at home, and suppose this degradation has been their condition for centuries. That this creature should cause the death of a man appeared to Aguwee a great atrocity; the more so, as he and others could testify that the charmer had made frequent attempts to murder and rob him while sleeping. "O, madame, vely bad John, vely bad John. Gooly no see him!" he said piteously over and over, until my sympathies were touched by his devotion to his friend.

The governor chanced to call upon me that same afternoon, and kindly permitted the Chinamen to plead their cause. This they did almost eloquently, and very abjectly, for they trembled before his rotund, good-natured excellency as a despot of limitless power, and of course cruelty. The governor thought right to pardon the criminal. After he left I found Aguwee radiant with delight. "John owe me one hundred dollars. Kill him no gettie." Alas!

The sum, and smaller ones, were lost and won every month in gambling. It is the one temptation over their avarice. I earnestly tried to reason and bribe my servant from this vice, but in vain. His faithful earnings would be risked monthly in a most childish game of chance. Another contrast to his grave demeanor was his delight in fire crackers, coveting and firing them like a little boy.

It is true that when coolies first arrive on our shores, that they select the largest pair of boots for the smallest price, regardless of fit; that in carrying a pail of water they will balance it with a heavy bundle on the ends of a pole across the shoulders, and do many odd things. They are

often unsavory with the smell of garlic and opium pipes, but their native sagacity and imitativeness soon lead them to drop all customs not enforced in this country by their laws or religion.

As this is an honest little history, I must relate a mortifying result of Aguwee's diplomatic success. An astounding lapse in morality! He stole or helped to steal two chickens!

An evening soon after the release of his friend I rang for water, and, as the servant did not appear, went after it myself. Through the glass door of the dining-room I could dimly see him waiting, at the corner of the house, and receive a suspicious something from a dark figure which stealthily approached him. I opened the door quickly with a call; the other Chinaman ran for life, and Aguwee, dropping two strangled chickens, stood dumb with dismay. Of course I moralized vehemently, holding up the dreadful consequences of theft. When I paused for breath he looked up brightly, "Me tellie Gooly; he all light." After the emphatic assurance that the governor would be the very one to punish him most severely, he became frightened enough, and almost groveled at my feet in distress. He was obliged to pay an exorbitant price for a similar pair of chickens at that season, which hurt his feelings very much, and yet more, to return them to the wronged owner, who was one of our miner neighbors. I believe he was finally and fully convinced that "honesty was the best policy" in America—he had never been to Washington. Certainly he never took any thing from me, and he was trusted most entirely.

I told the story of our Gospels many times to Aguwee. He listened with submissive indifference, or, running after his two Chinese books, would translate something about Confucius, which he considered superior to the history of our Lord. He never objected to following me to Sunday-school, and when there would care for the little children, finding their pages for them with great pride. Yet to instruction or question from his teacher, his only reply was the unfailing grin.

It was a point to have neither compulsion nor bribery in his religious instruction, for I was confident he might dissimulate to any length to gain a shilling. The gentle religion of love seems to fall powerless on these hearts that long years of cruel oppression have made so barren. It is said that the Chinese have perfected the science of human punishment. I am ready to believe that they have excelled us in imagining those in the future for sinners. Dante's conception of hell does not equal theirs, and

"fear of suffering" is the key-note in their characters.

Even to mention the peculiarities in worship, customs, and laws they have brought to this country, would make this paper too long. I only write of the Chinaman domesticated with me for two years, and proclaim it practicable to furnish ourselves with efficient, enduring servants. The Chinese Government continues control over her emigrants in sort of clans or bands. I remember Aguwee was promoted to be civil centurion after his distinguished interview with his excellency.

It would be a very easy matter to arrange with proper officials, at either San Francisco or China, for a band to be sent here to work at the usual wages. The Chinaman, though "clannish," is not a social being, and would not rebel at the solitude of our suburban homes. Let us join in a scheme which would relieve us of so much domestic trouble in the matter of help, and which could not fail to benefit the benighted coolie as well.

HOMELESS.

DECEMBER'S blasts blew wild without,
A storm of wind and sleet;
God pity all on such a night
Whose homes are in the street!
God pity all on such a night
Where'er their feet may roam,
Whose hearts are pining for the joys
Of earth's bright, happy home!

Before a stately mansion knelt
A frail and shivering form,
Imploring aid to shield her from
The white arms of the storm;
But soon a loud and angry voice,
In harsh, discordant tone,
With threats and curses loudly raved,
And bade the "wretch" begone.
Once more the chilled limbs staggered on,
Half-crazed, half-clad—alone,
And then that wild and pleading face
Grew pallid as the stone
On which it lay in hopeless woe,
And thus beneath the storm
Death wrapped a winding-sheet of snow
Around a frozen form.

With gentle hand they raised her from
Her cold and icy bed—
Alas, a coffin wrought of gold
Is nothing to the dead!
Too late did Charity extend
The boon she might have given;
That starving heart had found at last
A rest and home in heaven.

"NOT AT HOME."

"I TELL you how it is, my dear," said Mrs. Jones, seating herself more comfortably in an easy chair by her friend's fireside, and lowering her voice to a confidential tone, "I have arrived at the sensible conclusion that all the bores that one happens to know in this world, are not to be entertained whenever they please to inflict their society upon me. I can't afford to waste my time upon them, and yet it is not always advisable to give them the cold shoulder, for, after all, bores have to be treated with a certain respect."

She paused, and her hostess, Mrs. Smith, looked in the fire and sighed.

"Now think of the experience of this afternoon," continued Mrs. Jones energetically. "It is a good illustration of my idea. For three months I have been trying to spend a quiet afternoon with you, and a thousand little cares have prevented it. One day the baby was sick, another day the servants were in too bad a humor to be left alone, and so it has been day after day, until I despaired of my visit; and finally this afternoon, the coast being entirely clear, I succeeded in getting here, leaving all my cares and duties at home, and congratulating myself upon the delightful tête-à-tête we would have."

"And it has been completely spoiled," interrupted Mrs. Smith with another sigh.

"Yes, as you see, completely spoiled by the dropping in of Miss Mills, that best and stupidest of old maids in the neighborhood. I would not dare to speak confidentially to you in her presence; for although she may be harmless enough in her way, and would not doubtless repeat my remarks maliciously, she is not bright enough to know when it is best to speak or remain silent. Now in five minutes I must take my departure, for Mr. Jones always likes me to be at home before he comes, and we never can tell what may not happen in our households when we are absent."

"It seems hard, to be sure," answered Mrs. Smith; "but I know of no way of remedying these interruptions that I have to endure so often. What can I do? Miss Mills must not be offended, though she be the stupidest of old maids; if I had sent her word that I was engaged, I should never be forgiven."

"Ah, that is it. My dear, I believe the conscience will bear stretching a little in a case of this kind. I was amiable as you for a long time, but now I send word without hesitation, 'Not at home' to Miss Mills, and it is the greatest relief, I assure you, for some people only

come at inconvenient times, and I have made up my mind not to receive them. Miss Mills, poor, good soul, is no wiser, and no one would accuse me of falsehood, for now it is generally understood what 'not at home' means, and none but strict Puritanical people nowadays condemn the practice."

Mrs. Smith shook her head doubtfully.

"It does not seem truthful to me; indeed it bears such a strong resemblance to falsehood, I have never been able to make my mind easy on that point. But I could almost have cried this afternoon when that well-known ring came at the door, and I heard the sound of her voice; for, as you say, she belongs to that unfortunate class of persons who invariably drop in when they are not wanted. Must you really go?"

"Yes," returned her friend, adjusting her shawl as she rose to take her leave, "my time is up, and this is the end of the pleasant visit I have been looking forward to for months. When you return it, remember I shall take care to be out to Miss Mills, if she should happen to call, as she probably will on that particular day."

Mrs. Smith watched her cheerful, worldly little friend depart, as she thought of her parting words and advice in connection with the unpleasant interruption of the afternoon visit, and the old maid's tiresome stitching and tedious presence, wondering if a great sin would have been committed if she had been "not at home" to her, and how far her own conscience would require stretching before she could decide to use this current phrase for those unlucky people who happen to call at an improper moment.

"It is best to stick to the plain, unvarnished truth, Jenny," said Mr. Smith, as she narrated the history of that afternoon with Mrs. Jones's advice.

"The old-fashioned Puritanic way of telling the truth, and calling things by their right names, will never lead us astray. For instance, in old times a lie was a lie; there used to be no distinction, and grades, and shades of difference from black up to white; they were all black and sinful alike then; but now one seems a very bad thing, and another a very useful and polite one. How ladies can translate the plain English words 'I am not at home' into 'I am busy, or do not wish to see you,' is stretching the conscience much farther than I can understand, elastic as it is with most of us weak human creatures."

"But can you not imagine exceptional cases?" asked Mrs. Smith, who, though she had argued against Mrs. Jones, when she had so strongly

taken the opposite side, felt now disposed to question her husband's position.

"None for Christians," he returned decidedly, "or for any person who takes the Bible for his guide and rule. No, it is best to keep in the straight line, though we may often find it a little tiresome—it only leads to one end; let us always try and keep that in view in trifling matters as well as questions of great importance."

The subject was dropped and passed entirely out of Mrs. Smith's mind until some time after, when it was again revived, and an opportunity presented of adopting the convenient plan proposed and defended by her friend. She had allotted a particular day for preserving some fruit, and was busily engaged in this most especial and difficult art of good housekeepers. The fire was just at the right temperature; her preparations were made, and with her sleeves rolled up and a large apron on, which completely covered her dress, Mrs. Smith was deeply absorbed in her work, not dreaming of visitors, and she startled with annoyance as she heard a ring at the door-bell, announcing a most unwelcome guest.

"It's Miss Mills," said Bridget, taking a private peep from the window. "I see her bag, so she's come to spend the day."

"How vexatious!" thought Mrs. Smith, pausing for a moment in deep perplexity. "If I ask her to come in she will offer her services, and my preserves will be ruined; and if I say I am engaged, she will do the same, and insist upon my trying her plans for preserving on new and economical principles."

"Not at home," flashed across her mind as another vigorous pull at the bell reminded her that the visitor was growing impatient with waiting. There was no time to reason out the question, it must be instantly decided, and Mrs. Smith turned to Bridget, who awaited her orders, as she hastily said—

"Tell her, Bridget, I am not at home," and Bridget went, nothing loth and used to telling little lies, to execute her mistress's bidding, and very glad that she could relieve her from the annoying dilemma which this most inopportune visit would have occasioned her mistress at that particular moment.

"I've told her, but I'm not sure it's Miss Mills," said Bridget, returning with a bland expression of face; "but she looked like a charity woman!"

"Not Miss Mills!" echoed Mrs. Smith, whose conscience already upbraided her a little. "I wonder who it can be, then?"

"She looked like a charity woman," replied

Bridget, "and stared and asked me if I was quite sure."

Mrs. Smith would have been more mystified and uneasy had she seen the course pursued by her visitor, who, instead of going her own ways, remained standing on the door-steps shaking her head doubtfully, and then slowly walking to the back-door, as if very unwilling to believe the servant's report, she saw Mrs. Smith in the act of taking the preserving-kettle from the fire, while neither mistress nor maid observed the visitor, who, with another doubtful shake of the head and an indignant glance, departed, figuratively shaking the very dust from her feet as she opened and closed the gate for the first and last time.

The lady of the house went on undisturbed with her labors; the preserves were a perfect success, and turned out entirely to her satisfaction, though she discovered that stretching the conscience was a more painful process than she had imagined at the moment of her hasty departure from the strict line of integrity, and a still, small voice accused her of duplicity and falsehood, which asserted itself above the triumph of her success, and caused a feeling of self-abasement of having allowed herself to lower the standard of truth before the eyes and to the knowledge of her servant, whose respect and reliance she expected to deserve and retain.

"It's well the charity woman did n't get in," said Bridget, as she stood admiring the result of the morning's work. "Sure it's better for her to be playing about the street elsewhere, than hindering you this morning!"

Mrs. Smith had taken a resolution: this remark of Bridget's caused her to put it in immediate execution as she said—

"Bridget, I am very sorry I told that untruth; it was wrong and wicked; I was at home, and said I was not; and I shall never say that again."

Her servant opened her eyes and stared at her mistress in astonishment at this confession.

"Ah, ma'am," she returned confidentially, "that need n't worry you; do n't trouble about that; it's only a little sin; and any priest would tell you that!"

"I have sunk to their level," thought Mrs. Smith, who had often, with her friends and acquaintances, spent many an hour in deploring the depravity, deceit, and perfect unreliability and insincerity of their Irish Roman Catholic servants, as a race.

"How can we expect trust and reliance, if we lend ourselves to deceit, and lower our standard of truth," thought the mistress, as she resolved firmly from that time forward to abstain more

carefully from the appearance of evil; having tasted of the forbidden fruit, and discovering that it was not delightful, however convenient, she decided for the future never again to make use of the politic "not at home."

Some months after a distant relative of Mr. Smith's died, from whom the nearest friends expected handsome legacies. She was an eccentric lady, and had never married, and was the possessor of a large fortune, which she had carefully hoarded, living always plainly and in great retirement; and when the old lady passed away many surmises were made, both by the interested as well as the disinterested, as to how and to whom the bulk of her property had been bequeathed. Rumor reported that Mr. Smith, being the nearest relative, and having always been considered a favorite of the eccentric old maid, would inherit the greater part of her estate; and Mrs. Smith was very hopeful and sanguine, while her husband wisely refrained from expressing his opinions on the subject, or indulging in uncertain expectations, knowing the peculiar temperament of his relative—

"We can buy our house at once, instead of waiting for years, and pinching and saving for it," said his sanguine wife as they were going together to hear the reading of the will. "And then there are so many pleasant little alterations that could be made without much expense. Ah, money is a very good thing."

"Yes, money brings its comforts; but do n't build your castles so fast, Jenny, for the foundations may be very unsubstantial. Cousin Becky was a strange woman, but a person of the strictest integrity; and as she never dropped any hint indicating the disposition she intended to make of her property, no one can justly accuse her of raising false expectations which she may not have fulfilled; for she was never known to break a promise when once made."

"But you have always been a favorite," urged Mrs. Smith. "Every one says so, and predicts that you will certainly be generously remembered in her will."

"Well, well, we will soon know," he returned, endeavoring to keep under his own hope, which his wife's sanguine mind would have increased in spite of his reason and wiser judgment.

All of the old lady's connections and relations from afar and near were assembled to hear her last will and testament; some who had always been attentively polite to her through policy; others who now came for the first time to the house, either out of motives of curiosity, or hoping by some lucky stroke of good fortune that they had been remembered. Old and young, rich and poor, awaited the re-

sult with anxious curiosity and well-concealed impatience; and of all the assembly there was not a more hopeful or sanguine heart than that of Mrs. Smith as she sat by her husband's side.

All eyes were fixed upon the document which the calm lawyer held in his hand until the preamble was solemnly and slowly read over, as if each word of that was important. Then followed numerous small legacies for the nearest and poorest of the relatives; and as each name was distinctly mentioned the glances of the company were turned upon the legatee, whose eyes sought the floor, or stared blankly at the wall before them.

A long list of these small remembrances was read, and then followed the important and startling, but not altogether unexpected announcement: "To my cousin, Richard Smith, I bequeath the bulk of my fortune."

The lawyer gravely proceeded to read the minute details of the property, while the company looked grimly at Mr. Smith, the fortunate heir of fortune, whose face flushed deeply; and visions of bay-windows, charming little piazzas, and newly furnished rooms, floated through Mrs. Smith's giddy brain.

Murmurs and whispering congratulations were already commencing, when the lawyer continued—

"A part of this will has been revoked!" And all were again silently attentive as he added—

"The bulk of my fortune I shall not leave to my cousin Richard Smith. I have decided to leave him one-fourth of the original amount, and the remainder to various public charities. This determination was made subsequent to my last visit to his house, when I did not find Mrs. Smith, his wife, at home."

Mrs. Smith's brain whirled in a confused jumble as the list of the benefactions for various charitable institutions was named; and her bay-windows and new piazzas seemed tumbling in ruins about her ears as she listened to the tiresome repetitions of the imperturbable lawyer, as he calmly concluded his duty.

The congratulations and envy of the crowd were changed into condolences and expressions of wonder, as Mrs. Smith endeavored to make her escape and avoid their curious questions, and surprise at the sudden change in the old lady's mind, and the revocation of her will in their disfavor.

"It's all out—the mystery was solved instantly in my mind," said her husband, as they walked homeward. "I thought at once of the charity woman to whom you were 'Not at home.'"

"O! if I had only known," sighed Mrs. Smith in deep mortification—"if I had only considered before I yielded to that wicked little weakness."

"Cousin Becky belonged to the last generation," said her husband, good naturedly. "She could not understand in any but a literal sense this new-fangled form of lying, and probably ascertained that you were at home before she made her last resolution; for she was not a woman to jump at a conclusion without certain knowledge."

"I never expected it to come back to you in this cruel way," continued Mrs. Smith.

"I am more fortunate than I anticipated, and shall never regret the loss of this fortune, if it could teach a lesson, not only to you, my dear, but to any of your sex, who are in the habit of making use of this fashionable mode of expression, justifying it to their consciences, as being not only politic and useful, but necessary in many cases; for we invariably find in the end that straightforward, plain dealing, though it may be often a little inconvenient and uncomfortable, leads only in one direction."

"I certainly have been taught a lesson by my one, 'Not at Home,'" said Mrs. Smith.

LIFT THE LATCH.

"**I**f you would only lift the latch the door would shut softly." It was a feeble voice that spoke, and Aunt Myrie turned wearily on her pillow. Hour after hour she had lain there in that little room, struggling with the cruel pains that held her, every nerve so sensitive that each sound of activity from without seemed fearfully loud and sharp.

"If you'd only lift the latch," she sighed. Once or twice the door would shut softly, but Robbie was in a hurry and, boy-like, would soon forget, and then the noise went on the same as before—slam, slam. It was a serious matter to poor Aunt Myrie, and when she told me about it afterward, adding, with her quiet smile, "But Robbie was only thoughtless, he is a kind-hearted boy," I said to myself, "Thoughtless—ah yes; and how much just such thoughtlessness there is in the world; of how many it may be written, 'kind-hearted, but thoughtless!'" Our hearts are full of good-will toward our neighbors, and we regard them with the utmost kindness, yet we are so thoughtless of their pleasures and preferences, so neglectful of their convenience, that we are filling up our days with troubles and annoyances—are poisoning some of earth's sweetest fountains.

We do not think how heavy are the burdens which we are carelessly binding on men's shoulders, how grievous is the friction which the oil of kindness would so easily prevent, and because we do not think we keep going on in our own selfish ways, sometimes knocking against them rudely, slamming behind us the doors that a little care would shut softly, striking our heels as we go along with an unpleasant ring, doing a thousand things that grate harshly upon the nerves of our fellow-travelers. They are just as annoying to us in their differences and their habits, and thus the world is full of discomforts, thus we are always preparing bitter draughts for our thirsty souls.

Weary and heart-sick, we turn to the home-shelter for rest and peace, but, alas, alas for us! this demon of thoughtlessness has entered here; even our homes have felt his cruel, chilling breath.

Yes, he is here to make us sadly forgetful of others' rights, possessing us to tread rudely upon each other's joys and pleasures, to perform unkind acts that grieve, to speak sharp words that wound.

O, these things should not be thus! God has given us each our characteristics and inclinations, but he never made them supreme, yours nor mine; and our great Teacher instructed us to "love our neighbor as ourselves." The very foundation of our social life and peace is this precept; and when we learn to obey it fully we shall never be found unmindful of the wishes and preferences of the dear ones at our firesides, never thoughtless of our neighbor's happiness.

Every day in our lives should be one step toward this state of blessedness, every hour should be consecrated to the pleasure and well-being of others, glorified by the self-denial which is always looking out for little opportunities to cheer and bless the world, always seeking the occasion to perform those little acts of kindness and little deeds of love that are of great price.

When we take these things into our souls and ponder them well, when we learn to cherish that loving spirit that is always tender of our brother's happiness, when we are never careless of those trifles which make up the sum of human joy, then shall our own cup of earthly bliss be full, then shall we realize how exceedingly precious is the reward which kindness brings.

SCANDAL is a bit of false money, and he who passes it is frequently as bad as he who originally utters it.

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

FAITHFUL ZIP.

ZIP'S master was a hermit. No one knew why he chose to live by himself, with no company but his trusty dog, or what his history was, except as they gathered from his sad face that his had not been a happy life. He lived just within some woods near a large town, to which he came every week, bringing the baskets he made to sell, and always accompanied by Zip.

He was seldom seen to smile, save as he turned toward his lonely home, when Zip never failed to jump about with delight, wagging his shaggy tail to express his joy. He well knew that in his master's little market-basket was stored the meat which was to furnish dinners for both. Side by side walked the master and dog, Zip every now and then looking up and giving a quick bark to indicate his gladness. He was a very happy dog, and, poor fellow, there were but few ways in which he could make it known.

There was one place where Zip's master always stopped—I might say where Zip always stopped, for, just before they came to this church, he gave a few bounds, thus getting ahead, and, going upon the steps, he would stand quietly while his master stepped within—where, just inside the outer door, was placed a box, on which were the words, "For the Poor;" and into the narrow slit in the top of this—with no eye but God's upon him—the hermit dropped his earnings; then, passing out, he was joined again by his faithful follower. But this time Zip gave no bark—only wagged his tail to show his approval.

But at last a day of sadness came for poor Zip. He had come, as usual, into the town with his only friend, and led the way to the church door, meekly waiting for his master to come out. Just as he did so a span of horses came dashing down the street, and one glance showed the man that the carriage contained a little girl. He reached the street in time to stop the horses and save the child; but, alas! it was at the cost of his own life.

Poor Zip's master was taken up senseless, and carried to the hospital. The faithful dog followed, but was not allowed to enter. So he took his place just outside the door, and no threat could drive him off; neither could kind

words persuade him to follow little Minnie, who came every day, with her mother, to inquire after the man who had saved her life. At first he would not touch the food which Minnie brought him; but after awhile he took it, wagging his tail faintly. Little Minnie learned his name from his master, who daily asked about him.

Then came the day when the dog's kind master was taken to his last resting-place. Poor Zip could not see him, yet he knew that in the coffin was the one who had always shown him kindness. He did not know what it all meant, but, faithful to the last, he followed.

One of the hospital nurses who had taken care of Zip's master during his illness, little Minnie and her mother, and poor Zip, were the only ones to follow to the "Potter's Field"—for the poor hermit was laid in the "field to bury strangers in"—the remains of this man, whom none but the poor dog knew and loved.

Minnie's mother, as she stood beside the open grave, wondered what his history had been, and why he had lived thus alone. But, though she knew it might not have been quite right to live apart from his fellow-men, she did not judge him for it, knowing God alone could do that justly.

At last poor Zip was left alone; and when night came he gave a long, deep howl. But it could not awaken his much-loved master.

For two nights and over a day the faithful creature watched beside the grave, when hunger compelled him to leave it. Where to go the poor dog knew not, so he wandered on, looking vainly for food. At last he came to a school-yard, and through the iron fence he saw the boys eating their noon lunch.

"O, see that dog!" cried out one standing near the gate. "Let's have some fun with him." Saying which he held before the hungry creature a piece of meat. Timid Zip seemed a little doubtful, but gnawing hunger led him on, and he entered the yard to seize the tempting morsel. He did not know how cruel boys can sometimes be, or even his great hunger could not have tempted him among so many.

"Here Sam," said the boy, as he caught hold of Zip, "I'll give you ten cents for your old pail."

Sam hesitated a moment; but he, too, was a cruel boy, and being quite ready to help along,

he handed the pail, giving with it a piece of twine. The pail was soon fastened to the dog's tail, and before those boys who were more merciful could prevent it, the frightened dog was driven from the yard, amid the shouts of many heartless boys.

On and on, up one street and down another, ran poor Zip, knowing but one place to seek refuge. He reached that at last, and, completely tired out, dropped down on his master's grave. Even hunger could not induce him to leave it again. Once or twice he gave a faint howl, but there was no one to hear.

Toward night little Minnie and her mother came to bring some flowers to put on the grave.

"O, mamma!" exclaimed Minnie, "here is Zip."

He raised his head as Minnie spoke his name, but seemed too tired to run away.

"O, who could be so heartless?" said Minnie's mother, as she discovered the jammed and battered pail. "Poor Zip!"

It was some time before they could make the poor creature understand their kind intentions, but after awhile they succeeded in untying the pail.

"Now, Minnie," said her mother, "we must go and get something for him to eat. He looks nearly starved, and there is no use in trying to coax him away."

They were soon in the carriage and drove quickly to the market, where they procured some meat and returned with it to the nearly famished dog. Very eagerly did he seize it, and very hastily did he devour it.

"Can not we take him home now, mamma?"

"If he will come; but I do not think he will."

Nor would he. But Minnie and her mother either came to bring or sent him food every day, and after a few weeks he became so attached to them they were able to get him to go home with them. Though he lived with them until his death, he never seemed to forget his first friend, but went regularly to visit his grave.

Years after Zip's death, some of the boys who had shouted at his misfortune—now grown still more hard-hearted—stood gazing at a scene far more sickening. On the gallows before them was the one who had so pitilessly caused poor Zip's suffering. He who had shown no mercy to the unfortunate dog, had been equally ready to give pain to human beings. At the age of fifteen he ran away to sea, leaving his widowed mother to mourn his loss—for mothers love even their wayward boys—and so not knowing where her son was, she spent months in wearily watching for his return, and then death came to end her sorrow.

The son spent many years in wandering about, growing hardened in sin, when he returned to his native city to commit the crimes in which he had become so well skilled.

One of those dark nights which men with evil deeds to do prefer, he bent his steps toward one of the back streets where lived a miser alone, with the gold he had for long years been hoarding. He knew the place well, for when a boy he had spied a little bag of gold which the man vainly tried to hide. And even then he looked forward to the time when it should be his own. And now it had come.

Though the windows and doors were well fastened, he was soon able to make his way into the room where the miser was sleeping. It did not take much to awaken the man, who could never feel safe by night or by day, and, standing over him, the thief demanded his gold.

In vain the miser denied having any, and only to save the life—which he loved a little better than his gold—did he tell where it could be found. It was hard to see it going into other hands, the money he had spent so many, many years in saving; but he comforted himself a little as he thought of one bag concealed in another place.

But, alas! even that small comfort was short, for he saw his life was to be given up. Better the other bag of gold than that.

The miser raised his aged hands and begged for mercy.

"O, spare my life, and I will give you more!"

"If you have more, wretch, tell me where it is hidden."

But only for the promise that his life should be saved would he produce the remaining bag. It was pitiful to see the old man—his white hair and many wrinkles telling so plainly how few more years could be his, clinging to the bag and begging for even one small piece.

"O, woe is me, woe is me! All my hard earnings going from me!"

Perhaps the aged miser did not think where they could have been safe. It may be he had forgotten the verse which says, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven; where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

And now before him stood—not only the thief to take his treasures, but the murderer to take what was still dearer to him—his poor, weak life. The boy who had had no mercy on the trembling dog, had now none for the trembling man. It would not do to leave him there to "tell the

tales;" so when once he had secured the whole of his hard-earned, but unwisely hoarded gold, he broke the promise he had just made, and soon the poor miser's body lay cold in death.

And then the murderer passed out to wend his way back to his home to secure the spoil, until he could again escape from the city. He concealed the bags as best he could, but too many years had they lain on the damp ground beneath the miser's floor, and as he was hurrying along through the now well-lighted streets, trying to look as if out on honest business, suddenly some of the heavy gold broke through and fell with a loud ring on the hard pavement. Just as he was stooping to gather it up, trying meantime to prevent more falling out, a policeman came along. Picking up gold was a suspicious circumstance, and as the shrill whistle was blown calling for aid, the murderer knew he was too late even to escape with what he still had.

And thus his life came to a fearful end. No one was left to mourn his death, though there were many saddened by its manner.

GREEDY JOHNNY, AND HOW HE WAS PUNISHED.

UNCLE WALTER had sent Greedy Johnny and his three sisters ten shillings' worth of postage stamps, to be divided between them; so their father took the postage stamps, and gave each of them a half-crown. "I do n't wish you to spend your money now," said he, "because I have something in my head that I can't tell you of yet; but I think you will agree with my scheme for spending it—at least I hope so."

When the children got outside—Johnny the eldest, commonly called "Greedy Johnny," Ellen the second, Mary the third, and Julia the fourth—Johnny said, "Well, girls, what shall you do with your half-crowns?"

"Keep them, to be sure," said all three in a breath, "till papa tells us how we are to spend them. It may be a very nice way, you know, Johnny."

"May be—O, yes, may be, indeed!" said Johnny, with a sneer. "Very likely to take in some canting magazine, or have my 'Vicar of Wakefield' bound, or some such queer idea. When I have a half-crown I like to spend it my own way. Besides, papa may forget all about what he has said."

"Well, suppose he does," said Ellen, "you'll still have your half-crown to spend, just the same."

"What are you going to buy, Greedy?" asked little Julia; "goodies?"

"You hold your tongue, miss," answered Johnny, severely. "I shan't ask such a chit as you what I am to buy."

Then Johnny shouldered his bag in a huff, and went off to school. Now, although he was so very severe with little Julia, and got so very red in the face when she asked her rude question, "goodies" were the end and aim of Greedy Johnny's existence. His affection for sweets and pastry must have been deep and fervent, for he loved them in spite of the trouble they got him into.

O, how the half-crown did burn in his pocket that warm Saturday morning! How he did long to leave school that he might get rid of it! He had quite made up his mind that his father's plan was some "duffing rubbish," and that he should spend his money as he liked.

When he was at last released from durance vile, homeward he sped; but he did not reach home for more than an hour. First he went into a confectioner's.

"Good morning," said the woman behind the counter, for Johnny was an excellent customer, and she knew him well. "Here are some two-penny tarts, just up, sir," she said; "and fresh as daisies they are; they'll melt in your mouth like snow."

Johnny's eyes glistened. "All right," he replied; "I'll have two of them."

The two tarts were handed to him on a plate.

"Now give me two of them raspberry sandwiches," said Johnny, with the last piece of tart in his mouth.

The raspberry sandwiches were duly provided.

"Now I'll have a bottle of lemonade," our delightful hero managed to say, as well as a full mouth would let him.

The lemonade was very refreshing, and gave Greedy Johnny quite a new appetite.

"Now I'll have a sponge cake. What's that?"

"Madeira cake, sir," answered the woman.

"Well, give me a slice of that, too, and then put me up sixpenn'orth of mixed sweets, and a pound of gingerbread nuts."

All this was done, and Johnny went out of the shop with just one penny in his pocket. He had spent two shillings and five pence upon "goodies." Julia was quite right.

At dinner his mother was quite concerned because of Greedy Johnny's loss of appetite; and no wonder, for he scarcely ate two mouthfuls of the nice slice of roast mutton his father had put upon his plate. However, his spirits quite revived at tea-time, when his father said:

"Now, children, I am half afraid this fine weather won't last many days longer—West of England weather is so changeable; so your mamma and I have agreed that you shall have a treat on Monday."

Johnny's eyes were big with expectation.

"There is a tenant of mine at Calstock who has large strawberry-beds, sloping down to the Tamar, and I have made arrangements with him that you shall go into his gardens and eat as many strawberries as you like for a certain sum which I shall pay him." (Johnny's eyes dilated more and more.) "But"—(Johnny's countenance fell a little)—"but," continued his father, "you must pay your own fares by the steamer there and back. That will be a shilling; and each of you give sixpence extra to the poor old woman at whose cottage we shall have tea. What do you say to my proposal, children?"

There was a happy chorus of "Delightful, papa!" from the three girls, but Johnny said never a word. His countenance had been gradually falling lower and lower during the latter part of his father's speech, and at its conclusion he looked the most dejected little object you can imagine, and immediately began to shed tears. If you notice you will always find that gluttons are cry-babies.

"Why, what's the matter, Johnny?" asked his mamma.

"Why, I can't go," sobbed Johnny.

"Why not?" asked Julia.

"I shan't tell you; so there!" said Johnny, bawling at the top of his voice.

"Tell *me*, sir, then," said his father, sternly.

So Johnny was obliged to confess all about the tarts, and the raspberry sandwiches, and the lemonade, and the sponge cake, and the Madeira cake; for his father made him account for every penny he had spent. Before he had finished his mamma and sisters had left the room, Mrs. Westlake saying she was too disgusted to stay any longer.

Mr. Westlake rang the bell, and when the house-maid came, he said to her:

"Mary, oblige me by seeing Johnny to bed. Close his shutters, lock his door, and bring me the key."

"Yes, sir," said Mary, and she smiled—as well she might—while she held the door open for Johnny to pass out.

Now, Johnny had marched up to his room before dinner and deposited the gingerbread-nuts and the sweets in the drawer where his best clothes were kept. He was in a perfect agony all the time Mary was with him, for fear she should consider it a good opportunity to put

out his clothes for the next day. However, fortunately, or *un*fortunately, Mary was too much taken up with laughing at Greedy Johnny, and questioning him about the morning's exploits, to think of any thing else.

She had hardly got down the first flight of stairs when Johnny jumped out of bed, rushed to the drawer, and took his beloved gingerbread nuts back with him to his roost.

The afternoon wore away, and the gingerbread disappeared with the hours, or rather with the minutes, and there were still two or three left. These Greedy Johnny *could not* manage to eat. For some time a kind of giddy sensation had been coming over him; his eyes had grown dim, and his throat felt as if it had a lining of something very hot and unpleasant. He felt really very ill, and was thinking he would get out of bed and call some one, when he heard a foot on the stairs. The key was gently turned in the lock, and his mother entered.

"O, mamma, mamma," said Greedy Johnny, "I feel so ill!"

"No more than I expected," replied his mother. "It is impossible, or next to impossible, for a glutton like you to escape such a calamity."

Then she went down stairs and fetched him a cooling draught. But all that night he had little rest; he was tossing to and fro on his hot, uncomfortable pillow, and the next morning he was so ill that Mr. Westlake went for Dr. Wilton. He came, and pronounced that Johnny had an attack of jaundice.

His father and sisters went to Calstock and enjoyed their strawberry feast very much. Johnny consoled himself with thinking that if he had been well he could n't have gone, as he had no money, and he thought, when he got well again, of the tarts he would eat and enjoy. But the doctor soon put a stop to those pleasant day-dreams.

"Mind," he said one day when Johnny was nearly well—"mind, Greedy Johnny"—and he held up his finger warningly, and pierced the culprit through with his eyes—"no more pastry, no more cakes, no more sweets, for at least three years; and mind again, if you do eat them, we shall be sure to know, for you will have the jaundice again."

I believe it was only fear of the jaundice and the doctor that kept Johnny from the pastry-cook's—fear only made him a total abstainer from "goodies." After three years he found that his taste for them was very much diminished, and his title of "Greedy Johnny" gradually faded away from the memory of men, and even boys.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

WHAT IS YOUR STANDING AT HOME?—Here are some beautiful thoughts worth reading and meditating upon, which we clip from the New York Mail :

We often hear the question asked of such and such a one—"What is his standing in society?" or, "What is his standing in the Church, or among business men?" But we never think of asking before we take him into our confidence—"How does he stand at home?" And yet, the man who can make reply to this question with an untroubled heart and a clear conscience, is a hero not so often met with, but that he is worth looking after and closely cultivating.

"Home again, dearest! Safe at home, once more! O, how I have missed you!" So exclaims a glad wife, as she meets with a caress the weary man for whose coming she has watched and waited until the twilight has deepened into night. She draws him into the cheerful family-room, talking all the while, and busying herself in the mean time in sundry little contrivances to make him comfortable. And here come the children! You hear chirping voices and pattering feet in the hall long before the little rosy faces come in sight.

What shouting and climbing, and what playful disputing to see who shall get to papa first! So much to tell! So many questions to ask! So many kisses to be given and taken! And then there is a headlong race and a promiscuous scramble, ending in a general heels-over-head tumble at a suggestion from mamma that papa would like some body to fetch his slippers, may be.

How pleasantly she scolds over the distracting noise with a "Now, children, do be quiet!" But it is plain to see that she enjoys the aforesaid noise as much as any of them, while to the contented man, who is so snugly ensconced in the most comfortable chair in the room, this hour of relaxation is a full payment for all the toils and weariness of the day. This is one of the men who stand well at home.

"How I have missed you!"

You must stand well at home before any body there will ever say these words to you, just as they ought to be said, "How I have missed you!"

How much of grateful affection is expressed in that one short sentence! It tells of hours of tender, brooding thought for an absent loved one. What a blessed thing it is to be missed! How we treasure love's remembrance!

How involuntarily the question arises in the heart

of the absent, "Do they miss me at home?" And how desolate and bitter the heart when we feel that there are none to miss us! Not one to send loving wishes and thoughts out after us! Not one kind voice to greet us when we come! How very hard it must be to lead a loveless life! I think there can be no other cross so hard to bear.

God pity and soften the man whose standing at home is not good; whose family shrink away in fearful silence as his foot crosses the threshold; whose children shun the room that he darkens with his presence; whose wife meets him with a pale, spiritless, crushed look, which tells how small is her hope of a caress, how scanty have been the loving words and looks that have brightened her life. God help those who love him! for it is a *penance* to love such a man. And God bless the generous, cheerful, large-hearted man, who always brings the sunshine with him; who leaves his cares and his business "down town" and brings only his own cheerful and cheering self home to his family; for his face is a never-failing source of gladness to those who love him; and his tenderness is their highest pride and surest shield, after God's.

Ah! if your standing at home is n't a good one, dear reader—irrespective of sex—be in a greater hurry to make it so than you are to do any other thing in this world! Do n't wait until the memory of the grieved look upon some dear face—almost habitual to it, by reason of your habitual kindness—subdues you into gentleness; when that face has gone forever from your gaze, and you can never call forth a smile to dwell upon it again!

THE SHINING LIGHT.—Put the light under a bushel? Nay, verily, no man would be so foolish; for if the light is to be hid, why not leave the candle unlighted?

And yet we have known people, who have a bright light shining in their own hearts, who are so careful to hide it from others, that it never cheers any one but themselves. I wonder why they do so? when there are so many in the world who are in darkness, and, it may be, longing to see light. I wish every one who has got that light would take off the bushel, and let it shine out brightly; if they continue to hide it long, I am afraid they will find it go out, and they themselves be left in darkness. Now I am going to ask if you have got this light; which, as you well

know, only the love of Jesus can kindle; and if you have, are you letting it shine, so that all that are in the house with you see it? Do you let it shine out quietly, but brightly, in attention to the wishes of your parents, in obliging actions to your brothers and sisters, in obedience to your teachers, in thoughtfulness for those dependent on you, so that all these can easily see the light, and glorify not you, but Him who kindled it? If you do so, then the light will glow brighter, and increase in usefulness, till not only those in the house, but all who enter it, shall see it, and, it may be, become induced to seek it for themselves.

Do n't say your light is too feeble to do any good: "the Lord uses small lights sometimes to dispel great darkness." If your light be a true one, it will always shine brightest in your own homes; but do n't leave it there, carry it abroad with you, and take it sometimes into the houses of poor sorrowing ones; when they look up, cheered, almost in spite of themselves, by the brightness, tell them of Him who gave it and keeps it burning, who hath said of himself, "I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall see the light of life."

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light:
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy days be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done."

TIGHT DRESSING.—Very few ladies know how to appreciate an easy, healthful dress. They think their dresses are loose, when a man or a boy put into one as tight would gasp for breath and feel incapable of putting forth any effort except to break the bands. Ladies are so accustomed to the tight fits of dress-makers that they "fall all to pieces" when relieved of them. They associate the loose dress with the bed or lounge. To be up, they must be stayed up, and to recommend a comfortable dress to them is not to meet a conscious want of theirs. It is a great pity none the less. If they could once know what a luxury it is to breathe deep and full at each respiration, to feel the refreshment the system takes on by having the blood enlivened and sent bounding through the veins, to have the aids to digestion which such process gives, to have their own strong, elastic muscles, keep every organ in place and themselves erect; if they could for a good while know this blessed luxury, and then be sent back into old, stiff, straight jackets, they would fume, and fret, and rave in very desperation if they could not get rid of them. As it is they prefer to languish and suffer dreadfully, and die young, and leave all of their friends, and their husbands, and their little children, and I do not see any other way but to let them be sick and die till they are satisfied. If only the sinner were the sufferer it would be not worth while to make a great ado about it, but the blighting of future innocent lives which must follow renders the false habits

of our women in the highest degree criminal.—*Laws of Life.*

AT EASE IN SOCIETY.—"I'd rather thrash wheat all day in the barn," said Reuben Riley to his sister, as he adjusted an uncomfortable collar about his sunburnt neck, "than go to this pesky party. I never know what to do with myself, stuck up there in the parlor all the evening. If the fellows would pull their coats off and go out and chop on a match, there'd be some sense in it."

"Well, I hate it as bad as you do, Reub," said his sister Lucy. "The fact is, we never go nowhere nor see any body, and no wonder we feel so awkward when we happen to stir out."

The remarks of this brother and sister were but echoes of the sentiment of many other farmers' boys and girls when invited out to spend a social evening. But poor Lucy had not hit the true cause of the difficulty. It was not because they so seldom went to any place, but because there was such a wide difference between their homes and company manners. The true way to feel at ease in any garb is to wear it often. If the pleasing garb of good manners is put on upon rare occasions, it will never fit and never seem comfortable.

Learn to behave properly at home—to cultivate yourselves. Do not sit, or stand, or lounge about in ungainly attitudes, but acquire a manly, erect, and graceful bearing. I have never seen such vigorous, hearty manhood in any class as among cultivated farmers' sons. Let table manners be especially looked after. Note carefully how well-bred people behave, and do your best to imitate them. It is noble to be an imitator of that which is just and beautiful. Above all, if you wish to be at home in society fill your brains with ideas. Set your mind to work. Wake it out of the sluggishness it would naturally sink into. Take the newspaper, and read it thoroughly. Knowledge is power in more senses than one. If you go into society with something in your mind worthy of explanation, you will not fail to find listeners who will treat you with respect, and where you are well received you will not fail very soon to find yourself at ease.—*Country Gentleman.*

MOLD POISONOUS.—Mold, however induced—whether eaten in cheese, or moldy bread, or other food, or breathed in an infinitesimal spora that are diffused from it in the atmosphere—seems to be the source of a very great variety of very serious diseases. One variety which is found in the hold of damp and badly ventilated ships, is proved to be the cause of ship fever, which is often very fatal.

Another variety which is found in some localities, formed on newly stirred earth, is the cause of fever and ague; and at one time in a place in Western Pennsylvania, every man who worked in digging the canal was affected with it, and most of the inhabitants who lived in the vicinity, on low grounds, were also affected; but above a certain elevation all escaped, and on examination with a microscope spora from mold on the recently made banks, too fine to be seen with the naked eye, were found floating in the damp

evening in every house where those slept who were taken with the fever, but none in the houses on a higher level where there was no cases of fever.

Other varieties of mold, in cellars and damp places, are believed to be the cause of typhoid fever, dysentery, and many other diseases, whose origin can not otherwise be accounted for. These facts should make us afraid of all molds, and, indeed, of all decomposed and decomposing materials, whether in the food we eat, or in our dwellings, or even in our vicinity, where they can impart to the air a deleterious influence.

As corroborating this view, it is a significant fact that in New Orleans, with more people in it than usual for five Summers, while the houses and streets were kept clean and clear from all decomposing substances, not a case of yellow fever occurred—an exception never before known; and this, indeed, is almost proof positive that yellow fever is caused by mold, or at least by decomposition, with which mold is always associated.

CANDY FOR CHILDREN.—You know that the stomach of a child is very delicate, very sensitive—quite as much so as the eye; it will bear milk, and so will the eye; but if you add to the milk pepper, the eye becomes red, and so does the stomach. Cold water is grateful to the eye to relieve this inflammation, and it is equally so to the stomach. Now candy is but little less irritating than pepper; it creates the same redness, the same grade of inflammation, and there is the same demand for water to quench the inextinguishable flame. In such a stomach healthy digestion ceases; the appetite fails; the blood becomes poor and watery, and the tissues are all impoverished. It is not the sugar that does the harm, for pure sugar is healthy; it forms part of the milk of the infant, and enters largely into many of our best vegetables. It is the sugar mixed with various other articles, often poisonous, and the process of manufacture that render candy so injurious.

You mean to do well by your child, but you are slowly and certainly effecting her ruin. At this critical period of her life, when, for proper development and growth, she needs a large supply of nourishing and easily digested food, you give her these detestable compounds of burnt sugar and poisons, which not only poison her system, but, worst of all, deprive her of appetite and even of the power of digestion. If you persist in this course it is not difficult to predict the result; the chances that your child will reach womanhood will be diminished tenfold; if she reach adult years, it will not prove adult life in her case, but rather a dwarfed and imbecile maturity. Her certain inheritance will be dyspepsia, a morbid appetite for crude and indigestible articles, and chronic and incurable diseases, which will render her irritable and peevish, and lead to premature old age and death in mid-life.—*Hearth and Home.*

LITERARY MEN AND THEIR WIVES.—I do maintain that a wife, says Sarah Coleridge, whether young or old, may pass her evenings most happily in the

presence of her husband; occupied herself, and conscious that he is still better occupied, though he may but speak with her, and cast his eyes upon her from time to time; that such evenings may be looked forward to with great desire, and deeply regretted when they are passed away forever. Wieland, whose conjugal felicity has been almost as celebrated as himself, says, in a letter written after his wife's death, that if he but knew she was in the room, or if at times she but stepped in and said a word or two, that was enough to gladden him. Some of the happiest and most loving couples are those who, like Wieland and his wife, are both too fully employed to spend the whole of every evening in conversation.

VALUE OF BOOKS.—God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am—no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling—if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of paradise, and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for the want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

A REFLECTION.—"When I look upon tombs of the great," said Addison, "every emotion of envy dies in me. When I read the epitaph of the beautiful every inordinate desire goes out. When I meet with grief of the parents on the tombstones my heart melts with compassion. When I see the tombs of parents themselves I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying over those who have deposed them; when I see rival wits placed side by side, or holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some of six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

IRREVOCABLE ACTS.—Yonder lies one who has gone to the silent shore; he realizes now that his acts are irrevocable; he feels what before he had fancied, that time can not alter them. Beside the bier there stands a weeping friend; and too late he finds that tears can not efface his acts, that repentance can not amend them. Too late he finds that every act of harshness, every bitter word, every sarcastic expression lives forever; too late he learns that unseen wings have borne his deeds beyond the flight of love, and that he can never recall them to his embrace again.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF. By S. Baring-Gould, M. A., author of "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," "The Silver Store," etc. Part I. *Heathenism and Mosaism*. 12mo. Pp. 414. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Mr. Gould made himself widely and favorably known by his very interesting investigations into the "curious myths of the Middle Ages." In the present work he exhibits still more fully his capacity for patient and extended investigation. The volume displays a vast amount of reading and careful research, much close thinking, and admirable powers of generalization. It is a book to be read and inwardly digested. It professes to begin at the bottom of moral and religious things, and to rise by successive steps of demonstration to the summit. Its positions are not to be hastily accepted nor lightly rejected. With most of its facts and many of its deductions we can agree; from many of its generalizations we would dissent. Some of its fundamental positions we would debate with the author. Some of his conclusions very clearly demonstrate that there are some things about religion that he does not know, some phenomena that his philosophy can not reach.

Its greatest faults are two assumptions running through the whole volume; the first, that man's religious nature, life, and history may be entirely studied, and comprehended, and explained by the ordinary scientific or philosophic methods; that all religious phenomena are explicable and demonstrable by the common rules of ratiocination, and may be tested by these rules, and on them alone should be received or rejected. The book, therefore, is written from a purely philosophic point of view. Religion is considered only as an outgrowth of human instincts, and determined in its development by the nature and circumstances of men themselves. He has nothing to do with a revelation *ab extra*, neither admitting nor denying its possibility or reality. "We have a revelation in our own nature," says the author. "An historical revelation is necessarily subject to historical criticism, and it can never be proved to be true. The revelation of our own nature is never antiquated, and is always open to be questioned." The attempt thus to present a philosophy of the history of religion constantly reminds us of the other attempts to produce a pure philosophy of history, and it therefore exhibits the same few advantages, and the same many faults.

Its second assumption is that of the right to criticise "Mosaism" apart from its own pretensions and claims as a divine revelation attested by an extraordinary history. We deny the right and the philosophy of any such criticism. We do not deny the right to

criticise "Mosaism" or the Bible, but the right first to set aside its extraordinary claims, and to ignore its pretensions as a divine revelation, and then to criticise it after the manner of any other ordinary religious book. There may be nothing wrong in placing the Bible side by side with the sacred books of other nations of antiquity for purposes of criticism, but then true criticism of both it and the other sacred books must begin with the question of their claims, of what they pretend to be. If they claim to be revelations from God, that claim is not to be ignored or set aside or held in abeyance, but is first of all to be settled by criticism, as one of the significant facts of the books themselves. "I have therefore," says the author, "subjected Mosaism, as I have heathenism, and as I shall, in the next volume, subject Christianity to criticism." All right, Mr. Gould, but the first step in this criticism is not to place Mosaism, and Christianity, and Parseism, and Hindooism, and a host of other isms in the same category, and criticise them as mere historical manifestations of the religious instincts, but to criticise first of all the claims of Mosaism and Christianity to a divine and not a mere human origin. That significant fact which you and your school set aside in order to begin your criticism, is the very fact which your criticism should settle first of all. "The Bible," you say, "is quoted, not as authoritative, but as an historical record open to criticism. The question of the truth of Revelation is one on which I do not touch." In our humble opinion this is the first question that ought to be touched in a criticism of the religion which the Bible contains, and the subsequent criticism will be very different after the settlement of this antecedent question, from what it will be when this question is simply ignored.

The volume labors also under the disadvantage of being incomplete. Like such books as *Ecce Homo*, it needs another volume before we can fully estimate the present. If this were in itself a proposed complete showing of the history of religious belief, it would be open to the severest criticism. But the author says, "I hope in this volume to show what are the religious instincts of humanity." This he has done, and done it in a most learned and interesting manner. Yet had he stopped here the book would be a bad one from its incompleteness. To know the nature of these religious instincts, to trace their historical manifestations where they have been left to develop themselves into religions and moralities, is a most valuable knowledge and study. But what has God done for those religious instincts? What provision has their Creator made for them? are very different questions, and we are glad to hear the author say, "In the second volume I intend to show how that Christianity by its fundamental postu-

late—the Incarnation—assumes to meet all these instincts; how it actually does so meet them; and how failure is due to counteracting political or social causes." We await with interest and hope the appearance of the second volume.

A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY; or, a Concise, Comprehensive, and Systematic View of the Evidences, Doctrines, Morals, and Institutions of Christianity. By Samuel Wakefield, D. D. 8vo. Pp. 663. Pittsburg: J. L. Read & Son. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Dr. Wakefield's Compendium of Theology appeared under favorable auspices some years ago, receiving, as it deserved, the commendation of our bishops and editors as a valuable popular arrangement and treatment of Christian theology. It contained some matter of debatable authenticity which arrested for a time its popular favor. This debatable matter has now been eliminated, and the work appears in a new and much-improved edition. The volume excellently fills the character indicated by the title-page, and is "a concise and systematic view of the evidences, doctrines, morals, and institutions of Christianity," meeting an obvious want in our Church. It furnishes to the young student, the local preacher, the Sunday-school teacher, and the general reader, a clear and comprehensive outline of Scriptural theology, covering the entire field, from the evidences of Revelation, to the Institutions of Christianity and the doctrines of the future life. It does not take the place of Watson's Institutes, but is rather an introduction to that labored and valuable work, having, in fact, for its basis an abridgment of the Institutes. Nor is it a learned and critical theology, addressed to mature theologians, and adapted to all the phases of modern thought. It is a good execution of the author's purpose, to furnish a popular *résumé* of evangelical and Arminian theology. The style is perspicuous and concise. To all classes desiring a clear, compact, and systematic statement of evangelical doctrine written from the Arminian standpoint we can heartily recommend this work.

LIGHT AND TRUTH; or, Bible Thoughts and Themes. By Horatius Bonar, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 414. \$2. New York: Carter & Bro. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

In eighty-three brief discourses Dr. Bonar here discusses as many interesting Christian themes suggested by passages in the Acts, Romans, and two Corinthian epistles. The author is well known as thoroughly evangelical, a man of deep and earnest Christian experience, and a writer of prose and poetry characterized by depth and clearness, sincerity and tenderness. The first paragraph in this volume is illustrative of the man and his style. "Our Bible is of God; yet it is also of man. It is both divine and human. It comes to us from God's Spirit; it comes also from man's spirit. It is written in the language of earth, yet its words are the words of Him 'who speaketh from heaven.' Natural, yet supernatural; simple, yet profound; undogmatical, yet

authoritative; very like a common book, yet very unlike also; dealing often with seeming incredibilities and contradictions, yet never assuming any need for apology, or explanation, or recantation; a book for humanity at large, yet minutely special in its fitnesses for every case of every soul; carrying throughout its pages from first to last, one unchanging estimate of sin as an infinite evil, yet always bringing out God's gracious mind toward the sinner, even in his condemnation of the guilt; such is the great book with which man has to do, which man has to study, out of which man has to gather wisdom for eternity, one of the many volumes of that divine library which is one day to be thrown open to us, when that which is perfect is come, and that which is in part shall be done away."

BIBLE LYRICS. By Rev. John A. Murray. Square 8vo. Pp. 502. Cincinnati: C. F. Vent & Co.

This volume is a unique undertaking; it consists of a metrical versification of some of the poetical parts of the Bible, and of verses constructed on a large variety of subjects and incidents taken from other portions of the sacred volume. In the entire work the thoughts and figures of the Bible are preserved, and, when practicable, the very words of the common version are used. The entire book of Job is arranged in the form of a sacred drama, and exhibits very considerable poetical merit. The themes of the volume are well selected, and exhibit great variety and adaptedness. Some of the poetry is excellent; some of it is very poor. It is a good book and will be found by the reader to be attractive and profitable. "Those who may discover imperfections can not fail to discover many more excellencies, and will be constrained to wonder how the author could have combined so much simplicity, and so much of the language of the Bible, with so much of the genuine spirit of poetry." Mechanically the volume is very fine; the copy before us is bound in full Turkey morocco, full gilt back, sides, and edges, beveled boards, and Gothic paneled sides. It is embellished also with a number of Doré's Scriptural designs reproduced by the photographic art.

THE LIFE OF MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, Told by Herself in Letters to her Friends. Edited by the Rev. A. G. K. L'Estrange. Two Volumes. 12mo. Pp. 378, 365. \$3.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Born in 1787, dying in 1855, beautiful, educated, accomplished, moving in the best circles of English society, an acute observer, a fluent and graceful writer, a successful authoress, a thorough Christian, an acquaintance and friend of the most eminent literary men and women of her times, the life of Mary Russell Mitford affords ample materials for an attractive and instructive biography. Her life is here told almost entirely in her own letters, which, though at first sight rather suggestive of dry and commonplace details, are soon seen to be the real charm of these volumes. They are beautifully written, simple, naive, human, unpedantic, unartificial, and cover a

vast variety of topics personal, critical, and domestic. Her life was characterized by no extraordinary events; it was a natural, sensible, dutiful, affectionate, successful life of a good woman, who spent her earlier years in the loving discharge of filial duties, and her remaining ones in the freedom of unmarried life, cultivating many friendships, and shedding light and good around by her pen and her eminent social qualities. Her talents and her genial character brought her into contact with the eminent litterateurs of her day, and her letters contain many fine estimates of the merits and demerits of her literary contemporaries. We agree with the editor that "though the work may have little attraction for those whom nothing less than the strong excitement of a sensational novel can satisfy, the book will have its charm for many others, as exhibiting the reverses and labors, the thoughts and feelings, the tastes and opinions of a very highly gifted and most excellent woman."

THE MYSTERY OF SUFFERING, AND OTHER DISCOURSES. By E. De Pressensé, D. D. 16mo. Pp. 258. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

De Pressensé writes nothing that is not most worthy of being read, and those who have made his acquaintance through the scholarly and loving exposition of the Life and Times of Jesus Christ, and the masterly exhibit of the relations of Church and State, and religion and politics, in his Religion and the Reign of Terror, will hasten to touch again his warm heart and drink in his eloquent sentences as found in this fresh and important volume. And

they will give thanks, too, to the accomplished Annie Harwood, who has laid us under additional obligations to her for her excellent translation. The present little volume presents the author to us as a preacher, the contents consisting of two series of sermons, the first series, six sermons, being devoted to the subject of suffering, and giving title to the book; the remaining sermons, also six in number, are on Christian Mysticism, The Voice of the Church, The Sins of Religious Speech, The Supernatural at the Bar of Conscience, The Adoration of Mary the Sister of Lazarus, and The Jubilee of the French Revolution. The author's view of suffering is of course the evangelical Christian view, thoroughly studied and eloquently stated, fresh and interesting from its clear presentation and felicity of illustration.

REMOVING MOUNTAINS: Life Lessons from the Gospels. By John S. Hart. 16mo. Pp. 306. \$1.25. New York: Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: Geo. Crosby.

Professor John S. Hart has been remarkably successful as an educator; he would have been equally so as a preacher. If he had been a Methodist we would have made both of him; as it is he must preach his excellent sermons and send out his admirable "life lessons" through the press. The result, as it is before us, is a precious volume of fresh, warm, loving thoughts on a large number of topics, all drawn from scenes, incidents, and lessons found in the Gospels. The author's style is very neat and clear, and his thoughts and reflections are suggestive and valuable.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOOK COMMITTEE.—

The final Report of the Book Committee, to be submitted to the Annual Conferences, is on our Table, and we find it also accompanied by a "minority report." The report of this Committee, made to the Annual Conferences, is always quite a different document from its quadrennial report to the General Conference. It is to this body, and not to the Annual Conferences, that the Book Concern and Book Committee are ultimately responsible. The annual report to the Conferences is not a detailed, but a general finding of the Book Committee with regard to the business and management of the Concern during the preceding year. The details of its management go to the General Conference, and are there submitted to whatever examination that body may demand. We make these remarks to meet what we find to be a common objection to the report for the present year, that it gives only the general finding of the Committee without facts and details. This general finding would be all any body would expect under ordinary circumstances; it is only because painful

rumors affecting the Concern have existed, that any one has even expected a detailed report of the Committee to any other body than the General Conference. The Committee felt called upon only to pursue its usual course, and to present its general findings to the Annual Conferences, and to seal up its detailed report for the General Conference. This detailed report consists of a vast amount of facts and testimony, sufficient to make quite a printed volume. It is a question whether it would be at all desirable to lay this vast amount of matter before the Annual Conferences and the public; for the Annual Conferences it ought to be sufficient that the Committee pursues its usual course, and after an extended and thorough investigation, lays its conclusions before the Church. But for the first time in its history, we believe, this Committee presents a divided report; ten of the thirteen present report their findings only; the remaining three in some respects differ from these conclusions, and publish certain facts in justification of their dissent. The majority again inform us that "all these allegations and statements," made

by the minority, "were before the Committee and thoroughly traversed by them, and in view of all the facts and circumstances known to them in the specified cases, the Committee see no reason to modify in the least their solemn judgment."

Accepting as wise the determination of the Committee to report its conclusions, rather than issue a volume of "a thousand pages" of testimony and statements, our only object now is to find the value of these reports. We learn that the Committee had two sessions, at which thirteen of its fifteen members were present; one session held in November, 1869, the other in January and February, 1870. At its first session the Committee "solicited and obtained information from all sources within its reach, and did carefully and patiently examine all witnesses known to them, who could be induced to appear and answer on all points relating to rumors and charges, and upon the testimony before them made up their report, which was given to the public." Then, "learning that the said report did not satisfy in every particular the mind of the Church, and that new and important facts had come to light, and believing that a more extended investigation could be had," the Committee met again in January, 1870, and re-examined all the testimony taken at its previous meeting, "and all additional testimony attainable, and by all possible means endeavored to probe the matters in controversy to the bottom."

Certainly we have here evidence of patient and extended investigation; these are all honorable men, of high standing as the representatives of their individual districts, and of reputation in all the Church. It is their prerogative to know all about the business and management of the Concern. They are responsible not to the Agents of the Concern, but to the General Conference; they are wholly independent of the Agents; they determine the salary of the Agents; they can suspend the Agents for cause. We can conceive of no motive in this Committee to conceal, to misrepresent, or to do any thing else than to discover the facts in the case, and report, as they tell us they have done, their "solemn judgment." That solemn judgment is given in the following form:

1. On the question, "In respect to the management or conduct of the Agents, or either of them, has there been any fraud or corruption in the Book Concern?" the Committee were unanimous in giving an answer in the negative.

2. On the question, "Has there been any thing fraudulent or corrupt in the practice or conduct of any employé in the Book Concern so far as the Printing Department is concerned?" the Committee voted eleven in the negative, two of the Committee declining to vote.

3. On the question, "Has there been any thing fraudulent or corrupt in the practice or conduct of any employé in the Book Concern in respect to the Bindery Department?" the Committee fully deliberated and decided in the negative by a vote of nine to four.

These questions, in the estimation of the Commit-

tee, embraced all the allegations made against the Concern, its Agents and employés, and in the settlement of them every item in any wise affecting the Concern was most fully investigated. The Committee could not find otherwise than that the testimony not only failed to establish the existence of fraud, defalcation, or corruption, but likewise failed to sustain the allegation of the losses.

It will be seen, then, that the entire Committee exonerates the Agents from the imputation of any fraud or corruption in the management or conduct of the Book Concern. Eleven of the Committee exonerate "any employé of the Printing Department from fraud or corruption." The remaining two declined to vote. A vote of nine to four declared the exemption of the Bindery Department from fraud. The entire Committee agreed also in the following: "The Committee, furthermore, is prepared to say that, up to the time of the late disturbances, we find that the Concern has been increasingly prosperous, and that its success has not been surpassed, if equaled, by any other publishing house in the world, and that it is now in a sound and healthy condition, and under such a system of checks and safeguards as guarantee security."

Glancing at the minority report we find that three members of the Committee have not had "their convictions of losses and mismanagement in the Book Concern relieved." They, however, have joined with the rest of the Committee in exonerating the Agents; therefore "the losses and mismanagement," if there were any, must have been through the dishonesty of employés. But one of these three must have exempted the Printing Department, for eleven of the thirteen voted that there had been nothing fraudulent or corrupt in that Department. Looking at the facts stated in the minority report, it seems to us that the minority does not itself claim that any actual proofs of fraud in the Concern were before them, but that these facts did not receive sufficient explanation "to relieve their convictions;" and looking at the facts themselves they are such as indicate that there may have been sharp practice if not deception and fraud in an outside party, and possibly dishonesty in an employé in the Concern. But all these facts were before the whole Committee and patiently examined by them; and yet such were the testimony and explanations of these facts, that ten out of the thirteen still affirm their solemn judgment that neither the Agents nor any employé of the Concern have been shown to be guilty of mismanagement or fraud. It looks to us as if the majority report that they do not find evidence on which to accuse any one connected with the Concern of fraud or mismanagement, while the minority do not find enough evidence to remove their conviction of mismanagement in an employé of the Concern and of deception and fraud on the part of an outside party.

We can not withhold our regret that these averments contained in the minority report, and still others that have been given to the public, were permitted to go forth alone, unaccompanied by the testimony and explanations regarding these allegations which

came before the whole Committee. And then we are again reminded that this testimony and these explanations, "if printed, would cover about one thousand pages," and see the impossibility of giving, through the public prints, equal publicity to the testimony and to the allegations. Better they had not been published at all, but that the whole case had gone to its proper tribunal, the General Conference.

In what we have said of the members of the Committee we include the whole Committee, and respect the honesty, integrity, and purity of the minority as well as of the majority. We have no wish to impugn the motives of any; we have only been trying to measure the value of the two reports, and we believe they both clearly vindicate the honesty, integrity, and good management of the men whom the Church has trusted with the care of this great interest, and that, at most, some frauds or mismanagement *may* attach to an employé of the Concern and to an outside party having dealings with the Concern. It is really a matter of thanksgiving and congratulation that an immense business like that of the Book Concern, involving millions of dollars, a vast variety of interests, and necessitating the employment of so many subordinates, can bear the rigid investigation of a committee of able men for four or five weeks, without eliciting any thing more than that *possibly* one of its employes may have proved dishonest, and *possibly* a purchaser of paper for the house may have used misrepresentation and deceit, and played sharp both on the Concern and the paper men with whom he dealt.

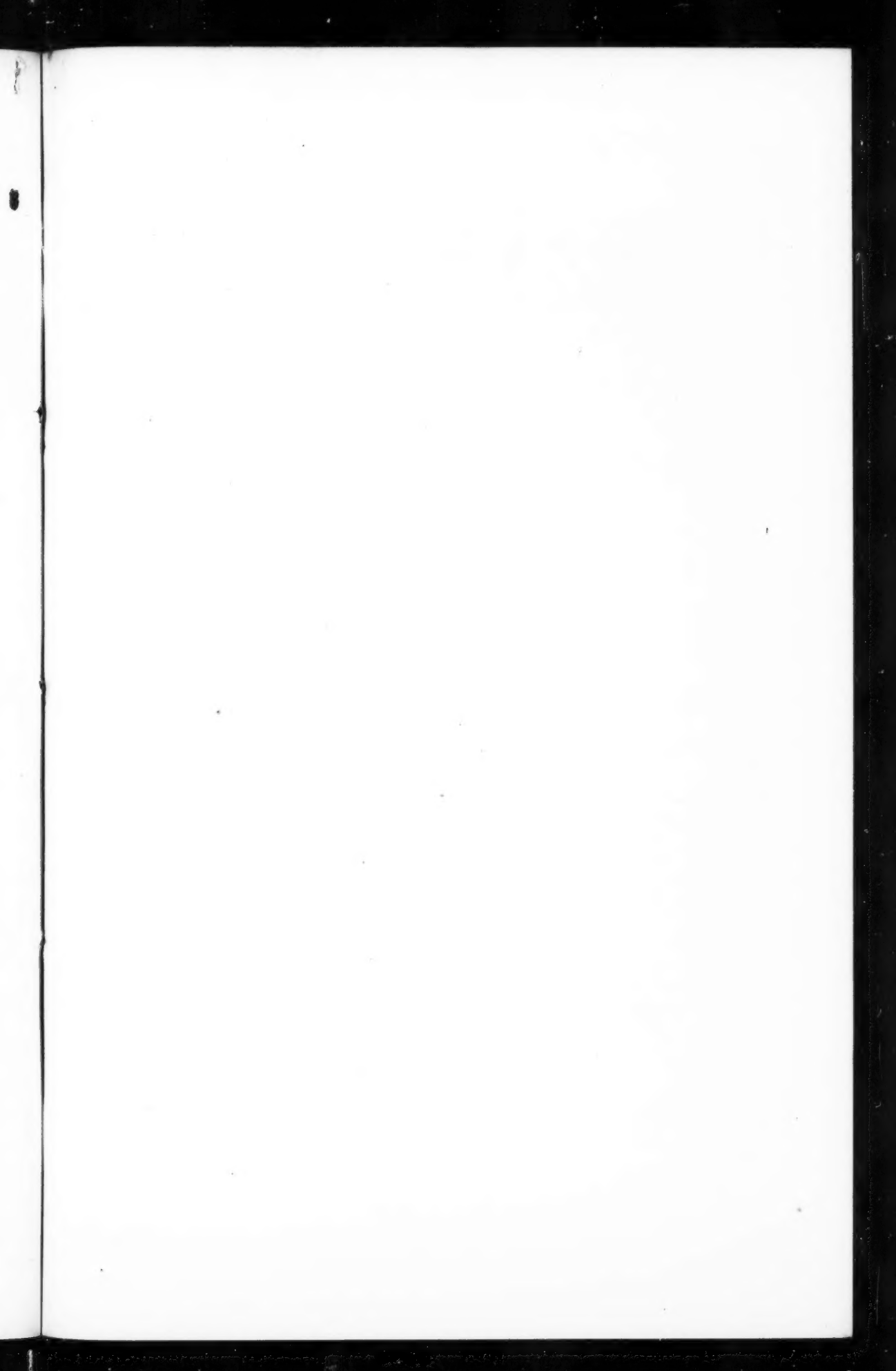
THE CHINA CONFERENCE.—Our readers will be interested in the article of Mr. Doolittle relating the organization of our first Conference in China, and the ordination of the first native preachers by Bishop Kingsley. We append here the following statistics of this new-born Conference in the "far East:—"

Total number of adult worshippers.....	634
" " " baptized children.....	186
" " " probationers.....	763
Increase of adult membership the past year.....	183
" " " baptized children " " ".....	69
" " " probationers " " ".....	410
Number of new students or assistant helpers received.....	12
" " " former " " retained.....	23
" " " native helpers "licensed" but not "ordained".....	4
" " " formerly "licensed" preachers ordained deacons.....	7
" " " deacons ordained elders.....	4
" " " circuits.....	18
Of appointments or preaching-places there are.....	63
Of these chapels or churches owned by the mission.....	5
" " " rented " " ".....	23
" " " supplied by the native Christians without expense to the mission.....	35

"MORNING PRAYER."—Mr. E. H. Trafton, art publisher, Chicago, has placed on our table a copy of his beautifully executed chromo bearing the above name. It is after the charming original by John Phillips. It is a beautiful picture, and will be a perpetual blessing in its refining influence over both parents and children wherever it is hung upon the wall. It is the representation of a little girl kneeling in prayer in front of a window, with the morning sun sending a rich, warm light on her and through the room. The expression of the face and coloring of the whole picture are very fine. The size of the

chromo, which is an exact representation of the oil painting, is eleven by fifteen inches. It may be had from Mr. Trafton, sent carefully by mail, for six dollars.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.—The Superior Court of Cincinnati has rendered its decision on the important question of the Bible in the Common Schools, and, as we hoped, that decision has the effect of rendering permanent the injunction restraining the action of the School Board from casting the Bible and religious instruction out of our public schools. We have not space to review now the opinions of the Judges. Judge Storer and Judge Hagans ruled to sustain the injunction; of course Judge Taft was adverse in his opinion. The opinion of Judge Storer is what we might expect from a learned and Christian judge, giving concisely and strongly the legal aspects of the case, and then presenting in an earnest and eloquent manner the general relations of this question to the welfare of the State. Judge Hagans presents a very able argument, confining himself mostly to the purely constitutional and legal bearings of the case. His presentation of such questions as the rights of conscience, the relation of religion and morality to government, the relation of the Christian religion to the Constitution of the State of Ohio, the import of the "Bill of Rights," and the legal aspects of our common school system, is a valuable contribution, not only to legal literature, but to the knowledge and thought of the people. We are glad to see it in a neat pamphlet form, and would recommend its careful reading to all who wish to see a thorough presentation of these great subjects. Judge Taft dissents on the same grounds as those urged by Judge Stanley Matthews, and which we noticed some time ago; grounds which would completely subvert our noblest American institutions, and place some of the most vital interests of the nation completely at the mercy of a few dissentients. It is simply an exaggerated presentation of the absurdity that a few men on the ground of conscience may bring the millions to their feet; the conscience of the many must yield to the conscience of the few. The movers in this attempt to drive the Bible from the schools and to convert them into nurseries of atheism, may as well understand at once that the "conscience" of the millions on the other side will assert itself in this matter, and that the great body of tax-payers, who support our school system, will and should resist any tax that would compel them to support a system of atheistic schools. Some of the leaders in this movement, who do not profess to be troubled much with conscience of any kind, may wake up some day to find that the true Christian conscience of this nation is a mightier reality than they have dreamed of. Better let our school system alone. There is little enough of religion and morality in it now; the banishment of that little will not commend it to either Romanists or Jews, but will only place the whole system in jeopardy to gratify a few infidels. The School Board deserves this rebuke of the Court for its precipitate action on so vital a question.







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